the
transatlantic
review

Vol. II. No. 5

SOME IMPRESSIONS & COMMENTS

by Havelock Ellis.

August 4, 1922.—To-day I am reading Taine's *Voyage aux Pyrénées* to attune my mind beforehand to that fascinating region. It is the most amusing book of Taine's I have ever read ; I never knew he could write with such fun and spirit. It is true he was young then ; he was not yet the gray absorbed scholarly recluse I once caught a glimpse of, with the atmosphere of the study still clinging to him even in a lively Parisian salon.

It may seem strange to add that I find Taine most amusing in this book when dealing with the Gascons of old times and when he is concerned with warfare. They had a genius for bloodshed, these Bearnais of Gascony,—which constituted so important a part of the English Empire,—and their neighbours the Basques were their worthy fellows. They fought and they danced with the same zest and almost at the same moment. They knew how to make death a jest and a battle a buffoonery.

This is brought out in one admirable chapter of the book. The rain came down at Bayonne and the inn was

insufferable and Taine sought the Public Library which was closed, but the Librarian had pity on the eminent scholar, who set out to study what he calls a mediaeval pastoral, the joyful history of Pé de Puyane. That ancient Gascon hero was an admiral and Mayor of Bayonne in the days that Froissart chronicled. He had red banners flying from his galleys to signify death without mercy, and he thought as little of killing a man as of lifting his hat. He fought much against the Normans and once hanged seventy of them in his yard beside his dogs, and again at the battle of Sluys he captured two French admirals, strangling one and cutting the other's throat, for it would be stupid and dull not to vary the act of killing. But the neighbouring Basques were his best-beloved foes. It occurred to Pé de Puyane that as the lordship of Bayonne possessed the sovereignty of the sea—for he seems to have been a pioneer of the doctrine that "Britannia rules the waves"—then Bayonne was entitled to levy a tax on all places on the sea-coast. Everyone at Bayonne agreed that nothing could be more equitable. But the Basques laughed scornfully and killed the would-be tax gatherers. Pé de Puyane said nothing, but his face was terrible to see. At last there came a day when the Basques were gathered together to dance and feast. Then Pé's eyes shone like those of a youth who sees his bride approach. He swooped down on the scene of merriment, followed by a faithful band, and with the axes of their sharp-pointed pikes they struck down the Basques, or spitted them on the points, at the Mayor of Bayonne's command, until you could see daylight through some of them. (One recalls that it was at Bayonne the first bayonet was made.) At last only five were left alive and these, out of friendliness, the Mayor fastened to the arches of the bridge at low tide, so that they might not be drowned should the tide fail to rise. So were all destroyed, to the great joy of the whole city, which applauded the spectacle. As I read I remember how, last year, at the Castle of Amboise, when the guide evoked the fantastic vision of hundreds of Huguenot corpses dangling from

windows and balconies, I surprised on the face of the sweet little friend by my side,—an ardent pacifist, too, and sympathetic to Huguenots, — instead of the expression proper to the occasion, a merry twinkling smile, and now I understand that a bubble of the old Gascon blood I know runs in her veins had risen to the surface. Pé de Puyane's triumph, however, was short-lived. Attack was followed by counter-attack, and in the end the victorious Basques imposed a peace from which Pé and his family were specifically excluded. So he took refuge in the house of his good friend the Prince of Wales at Bordeaux. But one day when he sallied forth to visit a vineyard he had bought, a knife a fathom long was thrist into his armpit, between the joints of his armour, as he was lifting a huge bunch of grapes. So he died. His son Hugues thereupon set sail for England, where Edward III, remembering the glorious deeds of his father, received him gladly and knighted him, and he became the ancestor of a large family which have done their best to preserve among us the great tradition of what we now call "militarism".

It was an altogether undesigned coincidence. But I now find I could not have been more appropriately occupied to-day than in reading the history of Pé de Puyane. For now, as I glance through to-day's *Times*, I find that it is the anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War, and that joyful event has to be celebrated. But nowadays we no longer sing in the glad Gascon fashion :

"Belle fête aux gens de Bayonne,
Aux Basques, grillades de cochons."

We no longer make the welkin ring with the noise of trumpets and cornets and drums, and a battle has ceased to be a scene of revelry. In our degenerate age war has even become an anachronism, and so we seek to sanctify our buffoonery. When the latest descendant of Pé de Puyane is set to write a leader on "August the Fourth" we feel that a good man is struggling with adversity. "Too august a day," he writes, "for us to permit ourselves to dwell solely upon afflictions and embarrassments." How

chilly that would have seemed to Pé! "Security is not the best builder of character; our youth lived dangerously in the year of war." There is a challenge to the Ten Commandments there which might have appealed to Pé. "The historical comfort of a righteous cause" He might have sniffed at that. It is a creditable performance. But give me Pé de Puyane.

August 18.—It seems that I am not to outgrow my old love of Paris, though there are so many reasons why I might well have outgrown it, and for a long time I thought I had. After all, it has been woven for forty years too familiarly into my life ever to become indifferent, and too intimately ever to cease to be poignant. Among so conservative a people, in a city that changes so little, there is every chance for the conservation of memories. I see them still, curious or familiar, flowering delicately at almost every step, and at any turn I may find myself treading, with a sudden tender gasp, on my own heart.

There are more impersonal grounds why Paris should seem interesting and delightful. At some parts of the earth my attention has been held in perpetual fascination because I seem to have been dropped into another world.. But Paris is not another world. It is the same world, of the same nature, the same kind of people doing the same kind of things. Yet in every detail there is minute variation, an infinite series of minute variations. So that everything I see is familiar, I understand everything without need of explanation, and yet it is always deliciously novel. And the novelty is always a closer approximation to art than I am used to in England. It may, I admit, be bad as well as good art. But even the mere presence of that consciousness of art I find something. For however intensely English I may be in ancestry and temper, I rebel against the English repulsion for the conception of life as an art. Perhaps indeed one might say that it is only by being intensely English that one can love Paris, just as it is only by being superficially English that one would ever feel called upon to characterise Paris absurdly as "the gay city". It is

because it is so poignant, because of its perpetual instinctive approximation towards the standpoint of art, that I find Paris exhilarating and that its rhythm suits me.—Even my watch, which in London this morning was three minutes fast, is here, by the Luxembourg clock, I find, exactly right.

August 19.—"Can you tell me why that is so wonderful?" An English girl, of the modern sort, determined not to take anything on trust, asked the question as she sat down beside me on one of the red-cushioned benches of the Salle de la Vénus de Milo. She was not, fortunately, addressing me but her girl companion, who wisely made no direct reply but proceeded to read out the orthodox statements in her guide-book. I am not sure that they proved convincing.

I was pleased the sceptical question was not addressed to me, not only because I am aware that the intuition of beauty must arise spontaneously and that my explanations could scarcely supply its place, but also because I was myself in a state of feeling rather sympathetic to that which prompted the question.

It is forty years since I first sat on this bench,—re-covered since then though with the same traditional red plush,—the memory fresh in my mind of how Heine, yet forty years earlier, before finally taking to his mattress-grave had also sat before this figure, "Our Lady of Beauty who has no arms to help us," Some twenty years after I first saw it, a photograph of the Venus of Milo was till hanging near me as I worked. I have long ceased to feel its inspiration. If I sought inspiration nowadays in any Greek statuary, it would, I suppose, be in the more archaic, especially perhaps the more variously intimate, the less conventionally divine figures, such as the Demeter and Kore of the Athens Museum.

It is strange when one thinks of it—as I often have thought—how aesthetic appreciation moves backwards in time and not forwards, more towards what seems to us the archaic, though in reality it may be far indeed from the

beginning. A century ago the Venus de Medici was a goddess to whose sacred shrine more pilgrims travelled than to any Madonna of art. Leigh Hunt, though he had no special knowledge of sculpture, really possessed as fine an aesthetic perception as any man of his time in England, and in the delightful *Autobiography* I well remember reading in youth he confessed his disappointment when at last he stood before that Venus in Florence; but he admitted that he was the only visitor there who ever had been disappointed, except Hazlitt and Smollett, and he was not altogether pleased to be on the side of the splenetic Smollett. He was evidently a little ashamed of his disappointment, for he devoted many pages to the goddess, and was glad to be able to admire her flanks, the "hips and sides" in his modest phrase. But, when I in my turn, nearly forty years after Leigh Hunt wrote his *Autobiography*, came for the first time to Florence, I had grown up in an atmosphere in which this statue seemed merely the elegant degradation of a far and away older, more beautiful type, so that I felt no disappointment, only indifference, even a little amusement.

We are now again, almost without knowing it, at the turn of a new shifting of taste, and but a few years ago, Guy Dickins, whose knowledge and judgment were alike of the finest quality, set forth clearly,—and to my great satisfaction at all events,—the reasons which justify us in regarding the Melian Aphrodite as, though indeed still a beautiful work, occupying a somewhat undeserved position, being the Hellenistic second century B.C. copy of an earlier more intelligible type, here awkwardly modified into a motiveless pose.

It would seem that as we become more civilised, as our aesthetic feeling becomes more sensitive, we are ever more and more repelled by the efflorescence of decadence, ever more drawn by an earlier beauty. (There is of course always also the concomitant opposite attraction, since one cannot have any action without reaction.) Nothing seems to me nowadays more attractive in Greek sculpture than the

Ionian Korai of the Acropolis, while there are some who would push back the attraction of the primitive to savagery, and admire the crudest beginnings of art.

That is why I am pleased that I am not called upon to explain to the girl by my side why the Venus of Millo is "so wonderful".

August 21.—We had climbed up to Montmartre to gaze down at the great city below, this fairly clear afternoon, and on the walk down I was drawn by an old association of the spot to seek once more, as on my first visit to Paris, the grave of the best loved poet, after Shelley, of my youth. It was forty years ago but I still recalled the right turn and soon we came across the *gardien* who, it turned out, was on his way, watering pot in hand, to the tomb we sought. It was no longer the plain slab I had seen of old ; a meaningless pile of marble had been placed there, so that the old poignant simplicity had gone and no beauty came in its place. But there was a wreath of fresh flowers lying there, and the *gardien*, who remarked that many people come to visit this grave, evidently found it worth his while to keep them sprinkled with water.

The pompous funeral monuments of Rochefort, of Labiche, of all the rest, who played their noisy and ostentatious parts on the world's stage, stand around in this crowded cemetery, dusty and melancholy now, deserted of all men. Over the ashes alone of this dreamer,—who knew how to turn to immortal music the desire and the laughter of human hearts which smile at their own desires and their own laughter,—they still scatter the fragrant offering of flowers and tears.

August 31.—The station is only a *halte*, and so brief a halt, with no sign of its existence save one shrill delayed cry of the woman in charge of it, that the train is already moving on again before we have both descended, no one else alighting here. A little country walk of three kilometres lies ahead, and we cross the bridge over the Garonne, no great river up here, along a road bordered by large walnut-trees, and apple-trees laden with the deep red fruit Cézanne

loved to paint. Before long we see ahead the hill which is our goal, with its walled ramparts and the Cathedral Church that crowns its summit. Before we reach it we pass a little village, behind which is the church of St. Just, dating in its present rough and massive shape from the ninth century, when it had already been for a couple of centuries the temporary cathedral, of a diocese which has long ceased to exist, and it is still a parish church. Another kilometre, and we have reached the ancient city on the hill. At its foot is a small group of comparatively modern houses built in the Pyrenean manner of this district, with two limbs enclosing a rectangular space which usually faces south. The site is Roman, and a few years ago one of these proprietors found on his land the Gallo-Roman theatre and beautiful mosaics of the ancient city which was destroyed in the fourth century. The war came and these remains were covered up ; since then the owner's wife has died and now he refuses to allow anything to be touched. We climb the winding road upwards, pause in the little old Belvidere to gaze on the outstretched view, and enter the city by its chief gate, besides the sixteenth century house, the finest in the place, which was sometime the episcopal palace.

Saint-Bertrand-de-Comminges, situated on an isolated rock and described in the guide-book as one of the most bizarre places in France, is now only a great village with a few hundred inhabitants. But for six or seven centuries it was the cathedral city of a vast diocese broken up at the Revolution and divided among the neighbouring dioceses of France and Spain. Its patron saint seems to have been a really remarkable person, and the present Curé Doyen—that title seems the only touch of ecclesiastical distinction now clinging to the place—has written his life at length in a scholarly spirit, however sprinkled with miracles he admits to be dubious. Bertrand de l'Isle was born in the eleventh century near Toulouse, a Count's son and related on both sides to some of the noblest and gallantest ruling families of the time, while his mother was very pious. He

was bred, according to the fashion of the time, partly in a monastery, partly in the courts of princes, for in the politico-ecclesiastical turbulence of that period a young nobleman must be able to be either a knight on the field or a bishop in the cathedral, and the two spheres of action were not indeed widely different. Bertrand shone in both, on the field, probably againt the Saracens who were constantly devastating the Pyrenees from Spain. But while still in "the flower of his age" he abandoned the world to become one of the canons, there under a strict Augustinian rule, of Toulouse, ana not long after, so great had his fame become as archdeacon of Toulouse, he was elected as their bishop by the chapter of the city to which he was to give his name. He soon set about to rebuild the cathedral on its ancient and original Gallo-Roman site on the top of the hill, in the Romanesque manner of the time, and later it was completed in the Gothic manner.

Bertrand de l'Isle was more than a great architect, more than a great apostle, he was also a great ruler and amply lived up to his quality as Count of the City. He forwarded its material as well as its spiritual prosperity, although in the end it has turned out that the spiritual life of the hill has long outlived its material vigour. Bertrand was speedily canonised, and, living and dead, his record is crowded with miracles, but it is clear that here was a great man who needed neither canonisation nor miracles to prove his claim to human reverence.

When we remember all that this spiritual hill-fortress has passed through it is surprising to find how much there is left. Constant wars, much looting, destructive fires, the ravages of the Huguenots, the poverty which compelled the sale of valuables, the hard hand of the Revolution, the claims of Museums—and yet Saint Bertrand de Comminges is crowded with precious things, the richest archaeological treasury of the Pyrenees. To me no part of the church is so attractive as the cloisters, the home of the canonry St. Bertrand had set up under that Augustinian rule he had learned to know at Toulouse, and still, though

of various dates, in part of this time. It has been much dilapidated and the upper storey removed, yet its peaceful charm remains as well as its archaeological interest, for it is more in the Spanish manner than any cloisters I recall in France, which is indeed natural since Spain is here so near and St. Bertrand's dearest friend and helper was a son of the King of Aragon.

The outstanding feature of all, however, is the sixteenth century wood-carving of the great organ in the north-west angle of the nave, with a pulpit woven around one of its pillars, and especially the woodwork of the choir. Here we see in superb untrammelled Sifour the spirit of the Middle Ages—imaginative and pious and grotesque and innocently obscene—carried on into the Renaissance and expressing itself magnificently in all the new artistic power of that time. We must be endlessly grateful to Jean de Mauléon, the Bishop to whose initiative all this carving is due.

The cathedral is of a piece with the town in its general air of peaceful contented well-kept desolation, a little reminding one of Malta's Citta Vecchia, that other ancient inland capital on a height, larger indeed and more imposing, this, better set in a vastly more magnificent frame-work of mountains and villages. I note as a mark of the place the semi-circular tympana on the door-ways of any pretension, of white marble with varied designs in relief.

One speaks of Saint Bertrand as deserted, but at this season of the year an important qualification must be made. A stream of people descending from their various vehicles flows into the church during many hours of the day. These people, a few of them tourists, most of them pilgrims, do not linger ; they descend from their vehicles, they march into the church, they are conducted around the choir by the lady who seems to be the *curé's* sister, or else by her servant, and in the afternoon the gentle sympathetic *curé* is himself posted in the sacristy to point out the sandals which the saint is said to have worn, and his huge gloves, and his ivory crozier, reported to be made of a single unicorn's horn ; and then pilgrims and tourists march out

and mount their vehicles and are swiftly borne back again to Lourdes or Luchon or whatever centre may be their temporary home. Not one of them lingers to inhale the delicate antique atmosphere of this rare spot, for nowadays religion and pleasure alike must be taken in a business-like spirit, at the highest speed, and whether in that process the essence of either of them is lost seems a matter of no concern. The swift procession begins at ten in the morning, about which time the bronchitic old lady on the left of the western portal is setting up her little barrack of postcards and photographs, and the younger woman on the right her sweetmeat stall. Long before dusk the last visitor has come and gone, and we each heave an agreeable sigh.

For the rest we may enjoy our hotel—the only hotel at Saint Bertrand—in peace. It is a long rambling old building facing the west end of the cathedral and close to the town fountain, while at the back is a terrace, on the adjacent ancient wall of the town, superbly overlooking luxuriant slopes of wooded heights and distant mountains. I amuse myself with imagining that before it became the hotel of Saint-Bertrand it was the town residence of the last eighteenth century Bishop and that this spacious and pleasant bedroom was his, with its bed canopied in the manner shown in the illustrations to the stories of the younger Crébillon and the little holy water stoup by my side figuring Christ and the woman of Samaria by the well, and the wallpaper so ancient in pattern, though well preserved, that the old landlady knows nothing of its origin. It is a pleasant place to spend a few days in, and pleasant to dine on the terrace while the dusk slowly draws a veil over the Garonne valley and the jagged height of Gar, and the sound of the threshing of the beans below grows still, and another dream of calm and joyous beauty is woven into our memories.

TWELVE POEMS

by R. C. Dunning.

I.

CLEANSING FIRE

Ishtar, Ishtar, Babylon shall fall,
Babylon has fallen and her garden wall.
Lonely fires are lit, tents are pitched by night,
On her buried breasts, on her mounded might—
Broken hearts of kingdoms, Ishtar burnt them all.

Once from brazen censers smoking down the hall,
Columned clouds of incense rose up black and tall
Dea Meretrix I have performed thy rite
Ishtar, Ishtar.

Ah, the pale Uranian she begins to pall
Honey, she, for sweetness: wormwood, thou, and gall.
O goddess, is it so? Give us thy delight.
Let us die, O Ishtar, having thee in sight
Burn again and bless us—from the flesh we call
Ishtar, Ishtar.

II.

MORE DREAMS

I too have dreamed on ships at their out-going
Upon full tides under strong sunlight flowing
Past the impatient prows whereby were creamed
Dim waves to fervency, while sea-birds screamed
Round vanishing rocks and reefs like fangs half-showing.

O lovers of the world and all unknowing
Of any love not worthy of the sowing—
Of all these things the stars have not esteemed
I too have dreamed.

I knew the wind ye know that's always blowing,
That will not wait, that will not rest from strowing
Hearts, hopes and leaves of lost years unredeemed.
Yet I am glad, and glad though time blasphemed—
Glad that ere grass was ready for the mowing
I too have dreamed.

III.

O GODDESS!

Her cruelty is like a high wind,
The impersonation of fate;
And yet she is quiet and young
With unconscious eyes.
She is sad with the sadness of time,
And turneth man's heart into fire,
Wherefor she is sought at many shrines
With prayers that avail not.
She hath seawater in her veins
And her soul is the soul of a star.

THREE SONNETS

——

IV.

THE HERMIT

Bleed, O my heart, bleed slowly but take care
That no one hears thy bleeding. In the night
Let not thy bedfellow divine thy plight.
Bleed softly, O my heart, and in the glare
And heavy silence of high noon, beware
Of good Samaritans—walk to the right
Or hide thee by the roadside out of sight
Or greet them with the smile that villains wear.

Bleed slowly and bleed softly, O my heart.
Go hide in nameless mountains of the north
Or deep in monstrous cities play thy part
O Bleeding Heart wherby the world's aflood—
But shun all congregations loving blood
Let some fool on a banner bear thee forth.

V.

SYSTEMS AND CONSTELLATIONS

Myself I'll give and universal things
Who sit at feast a peer of gods today
Seeing her smile and what her smile would say.
Now will I give great Saturn's whirling rings
And decked with flowers of all the Springs
I'll walk with her upon the Milk Way
And make the younger angels come to play
A serenade of songs the siren sings.

The moon shall be her handmaid and the sun
Shall be her servant, and the Morning Stars
Shall sing with birds before her window-bars
And when she wakens and their song is done
I'll bring the golden moons of Jupiter
Like little apples in my hand to her.

VI.

THE STATUE

Aloof the poet with a smile inscrutable
Upon cold lips about whose contours hover
Warm wings of dreams he only can discover
(Interpreting in music irrefutable
Things that a later age will find reputable)
Walks upon earth in likeness of a lover,
Wherefor bow down, O world, bend knee, uncover
Before the shadow of a god immutable.

Owing allegiance to a queen more queenly
Than you, O queen, how will you think so meanly
Thinking he loves you only and no other?
O friend, O woman, you that love so keenly,
You die upon a phrase that falls serenely—
Your eyes are windows where he waits another.

VII.

THE POPPY

Wandering in the waste land dreaming of my dead
I saw the flowers in chorus, golden, white and red.
"Kiss me" said the poppy, flaunting at my side,
"Other flowers have failed, I have never lied.
Roses lack fulfillment. Pansies are to blame.
Lilies? They are waiting for a love that never came.
Violets are vanity growing over graves.
Kiss me like a lover, I am she that saves."
Then I kissed the poppy—sucked her soul away,
Sucked her smoky soul and heard words she had to say
Secret as a whisper from a friendly star
Hiding a strong goddess that caught me in her car
Drawn by dreaming dragons shadowing the sea
From sunset unto sunset in a warm eternity
Journeying unto a land just beyond the west
Home to every dream that ever I loved best,
Flowers were mine to talk with as once they were in youth.
Roses kept their promises, pansies told the truth,
Violets were little girls, I loved them one and all,
Dancing with pale lips apart down the gloomy hall.
Oh, hours and flowers were mine awhile to mock at earth
[and fate—
Lilies? They are waiting still. Am I the love they wait?

VIII.

FUNEREAL

The lily has no mouth to kiss
She is not like the rose :
All virgin to the world she comes
And virgin goes.

Then put a lily in her hand
So pale upon her bed,
Two lilies now at rest for she,
My rose, is dead.

IX.

WILD DUCKS

Wings across the weary moon
Drifting like forsaken dreams
Stirred the silence of our swoon.
Wings across the weary moon
You have wakened us too soon—
Pass, and leave her as she seems
Wings across the weary moon
Drifting like forsaken dreams.

X

WIND OF MORNING

The steady clouds aloft do steer like noble dreams of more than peace—
The ships of great adventurers who sought the Fountain and the fleece
And all desires that die and pass are symboled in those shining hosts,
And shadows walking over waves, what are they but their daylight ghosts
Who thrill across the conscious sea that darkens in a windy pang
And waken in my kindred heart and echo of the songs they sang?
Oh, vanishing of sails that fade like flowers upon the brow of day!
Like breath upon a glass they die and Time he takes them all away.
The sifting sand upon the dune is desolate. Where have they gone
Those Nereids who were singing here for welcome of the windy dawn?
That rose upon their scaly wings and blew away the spirit moon?
What are they doing now that day is yearning toward completed noon?
Oh, they have gone with lapsing tides to lurk in twilight caves until

A certain star will call again and watch above the burning hill.

But now that morning winds are strong, I only see the snowy manes

Of wild white steeds that chariot a sea-god over shifting plains—

The shifting plains that are his realm whereon he rides in tyrant ease

And as he passes round the point and takes his pride to other seas

I turn again to fields on high where grow those flowers that fancy culls

To help the heavy pain of earth, nor envy now the flashing gulls

That arch their wings and tread the waves with feet that kiss the cresting foam

Made free of all the great four winds they do not care how far from home.

XI.

BALLADE OF ANDREW BELL

And have ye news of Andrew Bell
And will he still write verse?
Thou ragged man, come tell, come tell,—
Will he have found a way to swell
His flimsy purse?

Oh, Andy writes of all that's fair
And plays at knuckle-bones.
His purse is filled with feathers rare
And coloured leaves and locks of hair
And curious stones.

And will he still love Rose O'Dowd
Who loved another lad?
Is he still tall and dark and proud
And will he talk and laugh aloud
As men gone mad?

He loves a rose of yesterday
And sell's tomorrow's bread.
If you should meet him by the way
You will not know what word to say
Till he is dead.

And will he crown himself a king
Who held himself so high?
Will he have found new songs to sing,
A harp with still another string
To sing them by?

O Rose O'Dowd, with dust and cloud,
I crowned myself of old
And self-crowned kings are more than proud
And coins that in their purses crowd
Are more than gold.

O Andrew Bell, I know thee well
And dost thou still love me?
Thou ragged man, come tell, come tell,
If there be heaven to match this hell
For me—and thee?

XII.

ABSINTHE

Under the lamp-light on the rainy pavement
Last night I saw the bride my soul had waited
On what cold ways and what a long star-distance—
For when she lived in Mars my home was Saturn
And in whatever planet still we met not.
Wherefor until last night when I beheld her
How sadly have I plagued the stars with queries
And of how many queens required an answer
To find them mortal—but last night I knew her.
How well I knew her! How my soul was certain
Pierced with the sweet conclusion of attendance
Beholding the fruition of the cycles!
Under the powder and the paint I knew her
And in her voice the long-awaited cadence.
So then I said: My love, my soul has found you.
But she, she did not know me and was frightened
And crossed to where her painted friend stood waiting
And left me weeping there beside the gutter.
Such tears! Such tears! What spell was set upon her
That she, that she I knew yet would not know me.
Alas, again the countless lives of waiting
Here or perhaps upon another planet
The little moment that shall hold within it
The passion of ten thousand incarnations.

THE PASSION

by Djuna Barnes.

Every afternoon at four-thirty, excepting Thursday, a smart carriage moved, with measured excellence, through the Bois, drawn by two bays in shining patent leather, with blinkers embellished with silver R's, and with docked tails rising firmly above well stitched, emaculate cruppers.

Women walking under the trees of that forest, looked strangely still and monstrous. The boles of the trees, bare for some hundred feet, and sparse, yet sufficient, like prison bars, gave a sinister and impending calm, like a carefully planned, unexecuted murder.

In this carriage, with half drawn curtains, nor leaning against the upholstery of lace, in the exact centre of a festooned cushion, with unmoving head, sat the Princess Negrita Rholinghousen.

Her stately figure with thin shoulders, like delicate flying buttresses, was encased in gray moire, and the bands that came over the aged hands were spotless and uncrumpled, as was the edging that rose to meet the dog-collar of braided pearls.

The shadowy face, blurred in a mist of tight-drawn veiling that masked the flaring edge of a hat, turreted in ribbons and roses, was no longer rouged to heighten the value of contours, but limned upon an intricate system of emaciation and imperishable lineage.

The jewels on the hands, the bracelets, the breast-pin, the dog-collar, were workmanship of another century, and the buckles on the shoes were splendid and static.

Her knees dropped the silk of her dress in two sharp points like the corners of a candy box. Slowly this scented case moved through the odorless day.

The lake, with swans downturned, passed. Necks rose, glistening ; a faint quacking drifted over the waters. The Princess rode, and never changed her position, her hands lying over each other in her lap, undisturbed ; no bead in the flawless double strand of pearls, that sank between the blue veins, trembled, nor did the slight radiance on the long nails deviate from their first custom.

The coachman was very old, and his son, sitting up on the box, was being broken in for a continuance of measured driving the old man did not hope to participate in. Every Thursday, when the Princess was at tea, the empty carriage was driven at a good pace by the younger man, and every Thursday the old coachman muttered : "Doucement, doucement!"

The servants, now only five, moved with as little expenditure of effort as was compatible with the daily routine.

Every morning the books in the library, with their white kid bindings and their faded gold coat-of arms, were dusted by Nekita, and every afternoon the curtains in the conservatoire were drawn back for the sun, and as the Princess moved about from room to room less every year, one chamber was closed for good every twelvemonths.

Drida, cooking in the kitchen, whipped up the whites of three eggs with sugar, for the evening souffle, and the gardner watering the roses at nightfall, raked the earth that had died upon and within itself a million, million years, heaping it about the plants, breathing the air, mute with the depth of time that had passed through it. In the stilled splendor of the Princess' gardens was some of the dark, majestic, cumbersome beauty of the gardens of the Palace of Versailles.

The lap-dog had long been too old to lift from her basket of ruffled French chintz. She slept heavily, moaning at meal times, a mass of white fur, unmarked by limb or feature, save for the line of wet hair that placed the eyelids,

and the moist, down-drooping point below the mouth.

The Princess rose at three, dressing herself before a long oak stand, glistening with faceted bottles. She had been almost six feet tall in youth, and now she was but little under it.

There were flowers, but she did not tend them ; she had embroidered but she had given it up as a girl. She had painted too, but the faded scene of the chase hanging on the wall, between the oak chairs was feathered with dust and out of mind.

The spinet in the corner, with its hand painted yellow satin covering, was faded in a single line along the edge of the lid, signifying the silence of half a century. The music books, two, lying one above the other, were songs for soprano, and one was open at "Liebes-Lied". The only things that had seen recent service were the long thin candles, half burnt, upon their stands, for the Princess read in the evenings.

There were few pictures, and these were in the dining-hall. One of her father in uniform, standing beside a table, his plumed hat in his hand, his hand on the hilt of a rapier, his spurred feet lost in the deep fur of a thick rug.

The other, of her mother, seated on a garden bench, in a green riding-habit, a little mannish hat on one side, with a sweeping feather, and this was all.

An intricate curio case held miniatures of brothers and cousins. Rosy cheeked, yellow haired, sexless, and among the bric-à-brac, porcelain plates fired with bifurcated eagles wings ; seals, and, incongruously, a statuette of a little lady looking down through the film of her night shift at her colorless breasts.

Sometimes it rained across the garden, splashing drops on the window panes, reappearing in reflection in the inlaid mirrors of a Napoleonic table ; and sometimes the sun used the mirrors to throw a spot of flame upon the ceiling.

The Princess was very old. Usually the old do not approach the grave without either reminiscence or religion.

The Princess did. She had the power, the austerity, and the rot of a high irony. She was sèche, but she was living on her last suppuration.

Sometimes she laughed with a sharpness that verged on a memory of obscenities. Laughter in old people is always terrifying. Things of the senses, when the senses are gone, are like wine on the lips when the cask is empty. The width between her teeth gave her at once the look of the connoisseur and of the gourmet ; there was a blueness in her flesh that spoke of the acceptance of mortality ; and sometimes, raising her glasses at the uncompromising moment, she had the air of a gallant and a bon vivant. She never spoke of the spirit.

Now and again, two rusty mittened female cousins called, attended by two serving women, palsied and broken, and patiently picking things from the floor. Sometimes an only nephew, a young boy not too childish in his accomplishments, came, cracking his whip, in creaking puttees, stabling his horse, walking with legs slightly apart. He drank from the delicate tea-cups, bit into the tender slices of buttered bread, stared out into the garden, and whistled when the Princess left the room.

Kert Anders, a Polish officer, who never wore his uniform, was the chiefest among the callers. Once a month, on the second Thursday, for some thirty years, he had presented himself, and drunk from the same flowered cups.

He was tall, almost six feet two. Long folds were in the white flesh beside the bulbous nose. His mouth was too small and his teeth flat and square. He had dark, thick eyebrows, women's hands ; dressed like a jockey, and spoke English and French with a marked accent.

He was a widower, collected plates and early editions, fire-arms, and seals, and was devoted to the memoires of ladies of the de Sevigné period. He wore yellow gloves which he turned back from the wrist in a single roll, and when he drew them off there was a faint odour of toilet water for a moment.

He had the face so often encountered in countries where

custom has finally prohibited nothing,—he looked like a man who had eaten everything, everything ; and though he was elegant in his person, there was something about him not far from the necessity of elimination.

Often, before tea, calling a little early, he would go out to the stables where the two bays, now the only horses, stamped and were curried, for here was fecundity of brawling bitches, snarling with bright, long teeth, weighted from beneath with the season's puppies,—he would stroke their brindles with his yellow gloves, and pull at their broad leather collars.

Kert Anders, whose history was now a blind alley, had been said in youth to have done something fearful against his country, and something perverse against his family. There were stories about a Polish actress, who had died slowly and painfully of some unknown malady after his acquaintance with her. There were others that he had been too friendly with a young Duke, who was devoted to weekly strolls among the ancient palaces, and who, it was said, always shuddered upon passing the historically safe beds of dead kings, wiping his eyelids with a lady's pocket-handkerchief.

It was also said that any hand on any wrist, were it plump and small, had been the cause of more than one public disgrace for Kert Anders.

It is certainly true that in his early twenties he had been attracted to women with racy natures and a taste for light-handednes, though he never got involved, the liaison stopping at tea and French pastry.

The autumn was his weather. Gloves in hand, spatted, he strolled among the gardens of the Luxembourg, looking neither up nor down, but straight ahead at the nude statues, standing eternally between falling leaves.

When he came to tea, drawing down the roll of his gloves, he would speak of the dogs, of this autumn's air in relation to the airs of other autumns ; of cathedrals, of the parks, bringing a gravure whose delicate line he wished to discuss, a few little known flowers. And often he left these things

behind him, never mentioning them again. At other times he talked of the art of acting ; the use and the decline of the rapier, of the advisability of the high boot for the tragic actor, of light comedy, and of the fools in Shakespeare. And the Princess would quote something Gœthe had said on the subject, and he would counter with Heine's poetry, or a passage from Strindberg or Ibsen, turning and turning a small gold band on his little finger, winking with a ruby, that looked as if it were about to break into a drop of liquid.

She would say : "Do you know the English poets ?" and he would answer that Chaucer was attractive to him, but produced a mood difficult to overcome, and she would smile, and they would drift into the art of painting, mentioning how it had left the home genre when the Dutch gave way to the English ; whether painting should be an indoor art, or an art of nature and the sea ; and once in a while he dropped a remark about a new dish he had invented, or a piece of early French furniture he had hated to see go above his bid.

Of course gossip had it that the Princess was the one passion of his life. It was even taken for granted that but for some good reason, they would have been married long since. It was hinted that a rupture had prevented him from claiming her in marriage, others said that the Princess was too niggardly to share the half of her bed ; yet others insisted that they were lovers in youth, and were now as good as husband and wife. All of this was nonsense.

The simple fact was they were like two pages in an ancient volume, folded for a moment together and parted again in the hands of time.

On the last call but one, there had been a little strain in the air. He had spoken of love, and had drifted from that into a discussion of Handel and the effect of music on small gatherings ; chamber music versus the concert hall.

"I begin, less and less, to believe in the enthusiasm evinced by collective peoples," he remarked, when she turned, and putting down her tea-cup with trembling hand,

said : "Yet if a little, light man, with a beard had come to me and said 'I love you', I should have believed in God." And she drew her glasses up and looked out of them at him, and laughed.

He called only once after that, and only once or twice was she seen riding in the Bois, limned in pink, a mist behind a tight drawn veil, for shortly after that she did not live anymore.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

by Ernest Hemingway.

Dick Boulton came from the indian camp to cut up logs for Nick's father. He brought his son Eddy and another indian named Billy Tabeshaw with him. They came in through the back gate out of the woods, Eddy carrying the long cross-cut saw. It flopped over his shoulder and made a musical sound as he walked. Billy Tabeshaw carried two big cant-hooks. Dick had three axes under his arm.

He turned and shut the gate. The others went on ahead of him down to the lake shore where the logs were buried in the sand.

The logs had been lost from the big log booms that were towed down the lake to the mill by the steamer Magic. They had drifted up onto the beach and if nothing were done about them sooner or later the crew of the Magic would come along the shore in a rowboat, spot the logs, drive an iron spike with a ring on it into the end of each one and then tow them out into the lake to make up a new boom. But the lumbermen might never come for them because a few logs were not worth the price of a crew to gather them. If no one came for them they would be left to waterlog and rot on the beach.

Nick's father always assumed that this was what would happen and hired the indians to come down from the camp and cut the logs up with the cross-cut saw and split them with a wedge to make cord wood and chunks for the open fire place.

Dick Boulton walked around past the cottage down to the lake. There were four big beech logs lying almost buried in the sand. Eddy hung the saw up by one of its handles in the crotch of a tree. Dick put the three axes down on the little dock. Dick was a half-breed and many of the farmers around the lake believed he was really a white man. He was very lazy but a great worker once he was started. He took a plug of tobacco out of his pocket, bit off a chew and spoke in ojibway to Eddy and Billy Tabeshaw.

They sunk the ends of their cant-hooks into one of the logs and swung against it to loosen it in the sand. They swung their weight against the shafts of the cant-hooks. The log moved in the sand. Dick Boulton turned to Nick's father.

"Well Doc" he said "that's a nice lot of timber you've stolen."

"Don't talk that way Dick" the Doctor said. "It's driftwood."

Eddy and Billy Tabeshaw had rocked the log out of the wet sand and rolled it toward the water.

"Put it right in" Dick Boulton shouted.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the doctor.

"Wash it off. Clean off the sand on account of the saw. I want to see who it belongs to." Dick said.

The log was just awash in the lake. Eddy and Billy Tabeshaw leaned on their cant-hooks sweating in the sun. Dick kneeled down in the sand and looked at the mark of the scaler's hammer in the wood at the end of the log.

"It belongs to White and McNally" he said standing up and brushing off his trouser knees.

The doctor was very uncomfortable.

"You'd better not saw it up then Dick" he said, shortly.

"Don't get huffy Doc" said Dick, "Don't get huffy. I don't care who you steal from. It's none of my business."

"If you think the logs are stolen leave them alone and

take your tools back to the camp" the doctor said. His face was red.

"Don't go off at half cock Doc" Dick said. He spat tobacco juice on the log. It slid off, thinning in the water. "You know they're stolen as well as I do. It don't make any difference to me."

"All right. If you think the logs are stolen take your stuff and get out."

"Now Doc"—

"Take your stuff and get out."

"Listen Doc."

"If you call me Doc once again I'll knock your eye teeth down your throat."

"Oh no you won't Doc."

Dick Boulton looked at the doctor. Dick was a big man. He knew how big a man he was. He liked to get into fights. He was very happy. Eddy and Billy Tabeshaw leaned on their cant-hooks and looked at the doctor. The doctor chewed the beard on his lower lip and looked at Dick Boulton. Then he turned away and walked up the hill to the cottage. They could see from his back how angry he was. They all watched him walk up the hill and go inside the cottage.

Dick said something in ojibway Eddy laughed but Billy Tabeshaw looked very serious. He did not understand English but he had sweat all the time the row was going on. He was fat with only a few hairs of mustache like a Chinaman. He picked up the two cant-hooks. Dick picked up the axes and Eddy took the saw down from the tree. They started off and walked up past the cottage and out the back gate into the woods. Dick left the gate open. Billy Tabeshew went back and fastened it.

In the cottage the Doctor, sitting on the bed in his room, saw a pile of Medical journals on the floor by the bureau. They were still in their wrappers, unopened. It irritated him.

"Aren't the men going to work Dear?" asked the Doc-

tor's wife from the next room where she was lying with the blinds drawn.

"No."

"Was anything the matter?"

"I had a row with Dick Boulton."

"Oh" said his wife, "I hope you didn't lose your temper Henry."

"No" said the doctor.

"Remember that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city" said his wife. She was a Christian Scientist. Her bible, her copy of Science and Health and her quarterly were on a table beside her bed in the darkened room.

Her husband did not answer. He was sitting on his bed cleaning a shot gun. He pushed the magazine full of the heavy yellow shells and pumped them out again. They were scattered on the bed.

"Henry" his wife called. Then paused a moment, "Henry."

"Yes" the Doctor said.

"You didn't say anything to Boulton to anger him did you?"

"No" said the doctor.

"What was the trouble about Dear?"

"Nothing much."

"Tell me Henry. Please don't try and keep anything from me. What was the trouble about?"

"Well Dick owes me a lot of money for pulling his squaw through pneumonia and I guess he wanted a row so he wouldn't have to take it out in work."

His wife was silent for some time. The doctor wiped his gun carefully with a rag. He pushed the shells back in against the spring of the magazine. He sat with the gun on his knees. He was very fond of it. Then he heard his wife's voice from the darkened room.

"Dear I don't think, I really don't think that anyone would really do a thing like that."

"No?" the doctor said.

"No. I can't really believe that anyone would do a thing of that sort intentionally."

The Doctor stood up and put the shotgun in the corner behind the dresser.

"Are you going out Dear?" his wife asked.

"I think I'll go for a walk" the doctor said.

"If you see Nick, Dear, will you tell him his mother wants to see him" his wife said.

The doctor went out on the porch. The screen door slammed behind him. He heard his wife catch her breath when the door slammed.

"Sorry" he said, outside her window with the blinds drawn.

"It's all right dear." She said.

He walked in the heat out the gate and along the path into the hemlock woods. It was cool in the woods even on such a hot day. He found Nick sitting with his back against a tree reading.

"Your mother wants you to come and see her" the doctor said.

"I want to go with you" Nick said.

His father looked down at him.

"All right. Come on then" his father said. "Give me the book I'll put it in my pocket."

"I know where there's black squirrels Daddy" Nick said.

"All right" said his father. "Let's go there."

STOCKTAKING

Towards a Re-Valuation of English Literature,

by DANIEL CHAUCER.

X.

THE READER.

Let it be granted that a re-valuation of English—of all Anglo-Saxon—Literature is a thing eminently to be desired ; and few indeed are those who will deny that it is desirable. Their point of view, their reasons for the desire would differ widely, some, amongst whom would be the Reader, I hope, and certainly the Writer, desiring that, so re-valued and trumpeted with enthusiasm by great nations, English letters may take their place again amongst the literatures of the world ; some desiring to insulate still further the printed matter of Anglo Saxondom, restoring it to the "English" tradition of writers like De Quincey, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Charles Lamb, Alexander Montgomery, Lords Macaulay, Tennyson and Lytton, whom the European will not very willingly read ; and others again—and they the great majority perhaps amongst Deans—being determined to the best of their abilities, since writing has been exhausted in the practices of the long line of Anglican Divines from Archbishop Cranmer to the late Mr. Spurgeon, —being determined then to abolish the reading of all works of the imagination..... In short there are an infinite number of reasons for desiring a re-estimation of our literary values.....

I was sitting in the dusk, last Spring, in a hardly defined London room, awaiting the return from business of the

master of the house. It was truly what is called the owlight! But with a book upon his knee, in a window-seat, his back to the dusky panes was a young boy—say he was sixteen. He did not stir; I did not speak for a long time.

I had asked him what was the name of the book and he had answered: "Oh, Goldsmith... *The Deserted Village*." and I had got from him, rather painfully, the information that he being waiting for a scholarship exam had got up the names and dates of Oliver Goldsmith amongst a list of English Writers of the Eighteenth Century. Seeing Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* on his father's bookshelves he had taken it down—for the first time in how many years?

I pestered him with no more questions: I was the casual adult in the house, say a not very esteemed uncle; he was the master of all us writers. He was the Reader!

I had nearly written: He was the Only Reader. For there is no reading like that of a boy in the long dusks: it is the deepest abandonment of the soul that we know on this earth... But his father came in after a long time and began to chide him for wasting his time when he should be reading for his examination and he took up a German dictionary and a manual of biology and went into another room. The father said that if the boy would only read something useful he would be less worried. And then he began to upbraid *me* for writing disrespectfully of Shelley, an English Classic. He said he had been told that I was hurting my reputation. Truly the ways of both writers and Readers are thorny ways!

All the same I should not have chosen *The Deserted Village* in the days when I ruined my eyes with those long, twilight readings. My authors were Marryat; Scott, a little; Defoe, Lope da Vega; Hermann Alemannos—*Guxmann d'Alfarache*, *Lazarillo de Tormes*, *Lorna Doone*, *Melmoth the Wanderer*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Robertson's *History of Charles V*, an odd volume of North's *Plutarch*, an odd volume of Landor's *Imaginary Conver-*

sations containing the conversation between Leofric and Godiva; naturally also *Hark-Away Dick*, *Sweeny Todd, the Demon Barber*; *The Scalp-Hunters*; *Westward Ho* which upon consideration seems to me to be the most wicked book ever written, and Dean Farrar's *Eric* which is perhaps the next most wicked—or less, or more.

I suppose almost every human being could compile a similar list and the exercise is a fascinating one. But I am not writing biography—or only concealedly!—so I will leave the matter there, harping merely on the fact that those were the books I found engrossing. I could read most of them over and over again and indeed often enough I would turn straight back to the first leaf as soon as I had come to the last. I remember making a note in a schoolboy's pocket book that on such a date—I fancy it was the 17/12/(18)86—I had read Lorna Doone thirteen times: I can still relate whole passages of it by heart. But I *will* delay a moment to pay a tribute to what I thought then—and I think it still—*sui generis* the most beautiful book in the world: Samuel Smiles' *Life of a Scottish Naturalist*. I found this book by chance a year ago, bought it for sixpence and recognised at once that my intimate cadence, the typical sentence that I try all my life to create, that I hear all the while in my ear and only once in a blue moon am aided to write, is to be found always in the recorded speeches of Thomas Edward. His sentences have a dying fall, a cadence of resignation. He will write of dotterels on the wet sands, of spoonbills labouring in the immense engineering feat of turning over a great dead fish, of foxes in their homes on the faces of the sea-cliffs—and it is as if you were hearing a *nunc dimittis* spoken without pomp or self-consciousness. Only once did he—as far as Smiles' records go—did he utter a *Jubilate*: he had fallen over a precipice and, caught by a projecting shelf, with his ribs smashed, unable to move and with no apparent prospect of succour, he was enabled to observe an osprey devouring a partridge on a near-by crag. He utters a paean of praise at sight of the beauty, the noble ferocity and address of the

bird, and then, thanking the Creator for permitting him to see what perhaps no other man had ever been permitted to witness, this journeyman cobbler who never in his life earned more than eighteen shillings a week, addresses himself to descending the crags...

But I cannot imagine myself, as a young boy, reading *The Deserted Village*, and that must have been a matter of choice for almost certainly it fell under my attention. I was permitted the run of one—of several!—extensive if heterogeneous collections of books and I had most of my dusks to myself. And I remember the proprietor of the first private school to which I was sent at the age of eight or ten telling me that, he having written to my father to ask whether at home I was really permitted to read all the books I seemed to have read, my father had answered that he wished me to have the run of all the books in the schoolmaster's house but would prefer me not to read "Byron".

I naturally dipped into Byron : what boy would not have ? But I never read more than a line or two and I can remember now with exactitude the sensations that that line or two then caused me. It was at once a weariness, a sort of reluctant dread and a sense as of intense repletion as if after an already too heavy meal I had been confronted with a large quantity of something sweet. And indeed I have the foreshadowings of all those sensations still whenever I look at an opened volume with the columns of verse that seem to have come already many weary miles beyond the left hand page and to be going on for leagues and leagues after the bottom of the right hand page has been reached. I believe that the greater part of humanity feels like that and that that is why the Epic is no longer very fashionable. The reason, I daresay, lies in the personality one ascribes to the writers of immense poems : one imagines them to have uncontemplatable industries, seriousnesses that appal, minatory features—every kind of portentousness. And since the greater part of life is passed, whether one like it or no, in being everborne by one portentousness or another, one will not very willingly let oneself be similarly overwhelmed

in the course of an operation which should be a matter of freewill at least, if not of pleasure. I do not mean that I was assailed by those thoughts when as a boy I opened the *Deserted Village*. It was probably something else that stopped me when I had read no more than ; (I quote from memory)

> "Dear lovely bow'rs of Innocence and Ease,
> Seats of my Youth when every sport could please,
> How often have I loitered o'er thy green
> Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
> How often have I gazed on every charm,
> The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
> The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
> The decent Church that topped the neighb'ring Hill!"

I remember to this day saying to myself :

"Why couldn't the fellow have written : *"I have loitered on thy green : I have gazed upon thy charm"*, instead of asking with a note of exclamation questions that can have no possible answer and can be meant to have none. And "Innocence and Ease" made me feel impatient at once. And that was not because I had not patience. I owe it to the long London twilights of those years that I can say I have read every word of *Artaxerxes*, every word of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, every word of the *Castle of Otranto*, every word of the *Man of Feeling*. For the matter of that, even in later years I have read every word of Mr. Doughty's *Dawn in Britain*—and that with enthusiasm! I do not imagine that any living soul other than myself can claim *all* those endurances.

So I will not confess to any abnormal lack of patience : nevertheless I could not do, and I never could have done what that young boy was doing for his own pleasure and with such engrossment. Anyhow, there we have the Readers ; I am tempted to say the Two Readers. For humanity seems to divine itself into two types when it comes to reading : Those who like particularisations and shun allegories and those who reverse the processes of liking and avoiding. There will, that is to say, be those who will desire to read of Villages distinguished by bow'rs

of Innocence and Ease ; there will be those who, comfortably and with engrossment, can only read of such a village as :

"The village of Selborne and large hamlet of Oakhanger, with the single farms, and many scattered houses along the verge of the forest, contain upwards of six hundred and seventy inhabitants. We abound with poor ; many of whom are sober and industrious, and live comfortably" (Oh bow'rs of Innocence and Ease!) "in good stone or brick cottages which are glazed and have chambers above stairs : mud buildings we have none... The inhabitants enjoy a good share of health and longevity : and the parish swarms with children.".

One is tempted to say that it is the eighteenth century against the twentieth were it not for the fact that the letters which make up the *Natural History of Selborne* were being written long before and were continued long after the "composition" of the *Desert ed Village*. Still it is fair to put it that White's *Selborne* attracted very little attention in the eighteenth century and is very much read nowadays whereas the *Deserted Village* must have found very few to read it for pleasure or interest during the last fifty years. It may have been "set" for examinations or eighteenth-century-minded pastors and masters may have enjoined its perusal as a virtue and so it may have found readers who desired to improve themselves. But it can hardly have been much read either as part of the literature of escape or as a work to which nineteenth-to-twentieth century writers have gone for a model.

But about these things there is no finality and the very fact that that boy, like myself, at his age a boy normal enough, should find engrossment in Goldsmith's poem may well be a sign of a re-action towards the Allegory of the eighteenth, or even towards the Great Moral Purpose of the mid-nineteenth, centuries. Quite apart from the fashionable taste in literatures being a matter of endless reactions, the Literature of Escape itself, the beloved and enrossing printed matter that we read at dusk, is probably in the nature of a re-action against our surroundings. Indeed it is assuredly that and nothing else, the typewriting-girl desiring to read works in which typewriting girls all

marry their employers of the merchant sea-man in the fo'csle—and they are the most avid readers of all—desiring only books in which, please God, there shall be no more sea. We want to get away from our debts.

So the Allegory may well come into its own again and flourish even as it does on the base of the Albert Memorial where a gentleman in a frock-coat carrying a test-tube typefies Science ; a nude figure leading a zebru-bull. the Colonies ; a lady with a mondescriptly rigged ship beneath her arm, the Dominion of the Seas ; and the gilt figure of Albert the Good, the Prince of Peace. There may well be conditions in our time to make the weary soul desire to get away into that sort of thing. And indeed the portents are not lacking!

In the more official school of literary Company Promoter of to-day the tendency is avowedly to bring back the "English tradition" and indeed the tendency is not limited to the official school which in England is purely Whig. Only to-day, looking through the pages of a fashionable Tory organ I came upon a review of a volume of poems that still leaves me wondering whether it is not meant to pull the leg of someone or other. It purports to

> "bring to the notice of our readers one of the most extraordinary volumes of poems published for a generation.... Alone among the younger poets Mr. ... restores to English poetry the larger virtues, the grand manner...
>
> 'He swings his boat away
> 'Even as a lonely thinker who has run
> The gamut of great lore and found the Inane' "...
>
> Philosophy influences his blood like a sensuous excitement, the exalted, impersonal business of States is more his theme than any personal pre-occupation."

Another quotation ends with the singular line :

"England arisen, bared for the battle, blows!"

I suppose Macaulay's review of Satan Montgomery contains citations of lines more comic, but then Macaulay did not regard Montgomery as a saviour of society.

Perhaps however it is all a joke. Or perhaps it isn't : there may be Readers—there may be thousands, whole

millions of Readers to whom the figure of England blowing may indeed be sublime. The thought opens out for contemplation an immense vista. At the end of it, as through the small end of a prophetic telescope, the Man of Business at the railway bookstall as he goes down town. He wears a full wig, a purple velvet coat, ruffles and a sword and with a gesture of horror he says to the bookstall clerk :

"Take away that Daily... Bring to me, boy, the last sublime epic of the immortal So and So!"

That is not fanciful : it is a perfectly logical projection supposing that the official critic of to-day should have his way—or supposing merely that the swing or the pendulum should still, as it always has, prevail. Nor is it one half so fanciful as a faithful projection of ourselves, going down town to-day and faced on the book stall with the incredible rubbish that is all that there you will find—would have seemed to Dr. Johnson! For, if there is a pendulum to swing—and almost certainly there is!—it goes to and fro between the awful state of the Full Wig and the sceptical mobility of the Rag Time Army that to-day we are. Or that yesterday we were!

For, certainly, between 1914 and 1919 such a line as :

"England bared for the battle, blows" would have excited little enthusiasm : would have cut no ice anywhere at all! Indeed it is hardly likely that in those days we were even moved by the remembrance of the great precursor of that sort of thing :

> "So when an angel by divine command
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
> Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast ;
> And pleased th'Almighty's orders to perform
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm!"

In a Division with which I was acquainted we used to say :

"Pore b.....y old Plumer's got 'em on the run!". And it meant the same as was meant by Addison, but it took less time to say. Indeed, viewed philosophically, you may put it that the whole of the late Armageddon was caused

by antagonism between the one point of view and the other : it was the pip-squeak not 'arf against the Shining Sword ; Mr. Kipling's banjo against the Addisonian lyre. And inasmuch as most of our Academic-Official criticism is and must of necessity be produced by gentleman tempeamentally and ingrainedly pro-German it stands to reason that the object of their work will be to restore the Allegory and with it the dreadful Lives of Poets, the annotated editions, kai panta tauta. I deplore the prospect, for, as the Reader will no doubt have divined I am for the banjo against the lyre all the time ; for that is to say the natural man with appetites, desires, physical aptitudes, carelessnesses and interests in life ; as against the Professorial Figure that stands for uninspired industry, career-makings and circumspection : I desire that is to say that things should be written, not written about. I deplore then the state into which it is hoped to push this country ; but I cannot help seeing that it is extremely likely that into it she will be pushed...

Between Realism and the Allegoric stands however the Romantic : between, that is to say, Pope and Flaubert stands Victor Hugo ; between the eighteenth and the twentieth, another century! And it is quite possible that in Anglo-Saxondom a cleavage will come and that, whilst England returns to its diet of half-cold fish—at any rate on the surface, the United States may produce and immensely consume an immense, hybrid Romantic-Realist literature. For it is obvious that the United States with its mixed populations is not going to be limited or turned back to the diet provided by the Concord Group which represents the last activities of the "English" muse in America : ever since the days of Mark Twain and Whitman, and still more of Stephen Crane, it was quite obvious that America was going to have a literature of her own—and a literature nearer in spirit to the literature of the Continent than to the literature of the "Mother Country".

(*The End.*)

THE DRAGON-FLY

by Catherine Wells

The hot summer sunshine poured down into a sunken garden isolated by high hedges of crimson roses. Rosebeds in their first extravagance of bloom and paths of crumbling red brick tufted with little flowers, went down in steps to a lily pool of golden, sun-drenched water. Here and there beneath the brown shadow of the floating leaves, palpitated a scarlet fish tail; and over the water, darted blue dragon-flies or came to sudden rest that would transfix leaf or blossom with a sapphire pin.

There came distant voices and laughter, and presently through a rose-covered archway appeared half-a-dozen people carrying tennis racquets or sunshades; two men hatless with white flannel shirts open over sunburnt necks, a man in a soft felt hat and tweeds, a girl with an orange handkerchief twisted round her head, a woman in white with a shady hat, and a rather older, lace-trailing lady. Prancing about their heels came a small restless shock-headed boy, wearing almost invisibly short white pants and a white woollen jersey that either through washing or growth looked tighter than his own skin could possibly be.

"I want you to see Perkins. He's grown enormously," the lady in white was saying to one of the tennis playing men.

"There's Perkings," squealed the small boy, darting down the steps to the water and pointing to a vanishing flash of ruddy gold.

"Shall we all sit here on the steps and cool?" said the white lady. "That was the hottest sett I've played this summer."

"We'll want our revenge soon. We'll take them on again, won't we, Betsy?"

"Michael, you'll fall in if you lean over like that."

"I won't, Mummy."

"Come and sit up here."

"I want to see Perkings."

"Have you tried a steel-strung racquet?"

"Mummy, can I put some crums in the water?"

"The fish won't come out now, Michael."

"*Peraps* they would if I put *crums*."

"Take care, child, you are treading on my dress."

"Wait a second, I'll get you a cushion, Mrs. Potter."

"Oh Mr. Willoughby, please—"

"All right, there's one just here."

"Mummy, where are the *crums*?"

"That boy is devoted to animals. He's just perfectly happy if he can get animals to play with."

("Of course I don't say the upkeep isn't heavy, but what with one thing and another raising the subscription now seems to some of us jolly bad business—")

"I have always loved animals. That pond is full of the most charming creatures. One day we saw a water-rat there—such a darling. Oh, he's thrown it all on the leaves. Michael, give it to me. You can't throw it far enough."

"Na-oh-oh!"

"Well, throw it on the water then. When one lives in the country one gets to be such friends with all the animals. I don't mean just one's own dogs and horses, but all the little helpless things..."

"*You* frow it."

"Hullo! you've hit a dragon-fly."

"Mummy, I've hit a *dagon-fy*!"

"Poor dragon-fly. Aren't they exquisite? We read all about them in your Nature book, didn't we, Michael?"

Michael, incoherent with excitement; "They livvinther-Worter."

"Now I shouldn't have thought that, old chap, judging from appearances."

"He means when they are beetles, Mr. Bernard. Before they turn into dragon-flies they live in the water."

"I never knew that."

"They livvintherworter and kummowtan Bust."

"Oh Michael! Miss Bates found one, didn't she? Haven't you ever seen a dragon-fly split its beetle skin and crawl out and sit and dry its wings and fly away? It's a perfect entertainment for a summer afternoon."

"Mrs. Willoughby, I confess I've missed it. I've led such a quiet life, getting called to the bar and one thing and another..."

"Mummee. Come here, quick."

"Hush child. And I suppose you don't see many dragon-flies in the Temple."

"Mum*mee*. Here's one, crawled out of the water."

"Where, Michael? Take care, you'll fall in. On the lily leaf? Oh! that's just the old skin of one, child. He's come out of his skin and flown away. Look, Mr. Bernard. Isn't it perfect? Feet and all."

"Mummy, I see the dagon-fy"

"Where? Yes, there it is. Doesn't it look shivery and frightened. Poor thing. It's frightened of the water underneath. It might fall back and get drowned. I'll get it."

"Don't touch it, Mummy. Miss Bates said not touch it."

"Because you might have hurt it, Michael. But I shan't."

"What's the fus-, Mabel? Oh, *that*. My wife, Mrs. Potter, doesn't think any animal can take care of itself or its young, and she always wants to do it for them. She wants to go round putting hot-water bottles in the birds' nests on cold nights."

"Robbie, don't make fun of me. I'm only saving this lovely thing from a watery grave. I want him to be happy

like the others. Think if you'd spent all your life in a cold dark pond waiting and looking forward to being a glorious green dragon-fly flashing about in the sun, and then you'd got drowned before your wings were ready. There. He loves being on my finger. See how he's looking all round at the new world he's come into."

"And you've got a good day for it, old chap. Rotten for him if he'd waited two years and then had a wet day."

"Look, he's crawling. O-o-oo, it feels so funny. Do let him come on your finger, Mr. Bernard. Let's make a bridge — you put your finger against mine. Look at his big serious eyes!"

"Partner's pushed to three no trumps and he's got left with it."

"Don't make me laugh ; now he's coming on to your finger."

"Mum-*mee*, he'll fall off."

"No, he's quite safe. Don't shout, Michael, you'll frighten him. One wing is getting quite stiff and dry. Think what he must be feeling now, Michael, looking forward and forward to today for two whole years, and now waiting just a few minutes till he can stretch out his lovely wings and fly right up into the sky."

"Ummm. Will he fly up in the sky, Mummy?"

"Of course. Wouldn't you if you had wings? Don't you think he's feeling excited?"

"He's getting fearfully active. He'll take off from my hand in a minute. Mrs. Willoughby—Help! Am I to let him?"

"But his wings aren't expanded. Do give him to me, and I'll put him down on the grass—"

"Mummy," (with deep, impatient reproach), "you've *dropped* him."

"He's all right. He jumped on the soft grass. Oh, Mrs. Potter, must you really be going? It was delightful of you to look us up. Do remember we shall be here for another two months anyhow... Lunch on Sunday? Of course we'd love to. Robbie! Mrs. Potter

is asking us... Goodbye. Goodbye, Mr. Potter."

"Mummy, his wing is all twisty."

"Hush, child. Goodbye!... Half past one? Thanks ever so much. We won't be late. Well—I'm ready for the revanche sett—are you? Robbie will be back as soon as he has seen them off."

"Mummy, look, do look."

"What *is* it, Michael?

"His wing's broken. Where he fell down on it."

"He's all right. That wing hasn't got so dry as the other yet, and it still looks soft. See, he's walking."

"His wing's all twisty, Mummy."

"He's just got it caught in that bit of leaf—. I'll straighten it out for him."

"Oh it's stuck, Mummy. You've *torn* it."

"Michael, don't *shout*. How can one do anything? You'll terrify the poor thing. Look, now we'll lift him up here and leave him to get properly dry."

The damaged insect dragged itself to the edge of the little brick wall, planed off, tilted sideways and fell to the ground.

Exclamations followed it. "Off he goes. Isn't he lovely?" "Crashed, poor chap. Bad luck, old man. Try again."

"Here's Robbie. Now we can have the return match. Come along."

"I'll stay here, Mummy."

"No, Michael, not by yourself, my treasure. You might fall in the pond."

"I won't, Mummy. I want to stay with the *dagon-fy*."

"NO, Michael. Now we'll put the dragon-fly up here in a nice shady place, and then he'll get properly dry before he tries to fly again. See? Leave him comfortably there. Now he'll be happy. Come along."

The party trooped out of the little rose-garden again, their talking voices fading away into a diminuendo of sound. Last to be heard was a treble tone, barren of conviction.

LONDON DRAMA

by Neil Forbes Grant

II.

The theatre mirrors its age so consummately, because the process is to a great extent unconscious. The dramatist seldom imagines that he is writing history, that those creatures of his imagination peopling fantastic places and doing impossible things, are the stuff of which his own generation is made. He catches the atmosphere of his time as the child catches the accent of its mother. Shakespeare, in his forest of Arden and Roman streets tells us all about Elizabethan England, its preoccupation with great men, its tolerance of pose, its curious and often perverse humours, its unconquerable zest of love which drove it at one moment to the purest lyrical poetry, at another to the lowest savageries of the torture chamber and the bear pit. In the same way, we find in the plays of Molière the very soul of the magnificent moderation of the French mind of the seventeenth century, the eternal appeal to common sense, the dislike of extravagance, the cult of restraint. Molière always has a standard, a pattern to which we must submit ourselves and that standard is often borne by mere servants, the representatives of the people, of the age. In Beaumarchais, we see the destructive intellectual forces of the French Revolution at work, wearing down the elaborate surface of a cracking society. In Ibsen, we almost feel the gloom of the Scandinavian winter, and the iron grip which nature imposes on the children of the north. And if I wish to call up a vision of modern America, I read the plays of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, where I see the ingredients of the melting pot in all their impressive strength, the Puritan of English stock, the Irishman, the Scandinavian. Mr. O'Neill tells the Englishman more about America, without having the slightest intention of doing so, than all the professors and all the journalists. He does not bombard us with facts, but he assaults and captures the citadel of our imagination.

We also see now why the public is so capricious in regard to plays and how unfair it is to attribute that caprice to any light headedness on its part. A play may have merely a topical visit,

and when the mood of the public changes, the play goes with it, unless it possesses those enduring qualities which create a work of art. Revivals are perilous enterprises, for the idol which drew the mob yesterday leaves it cold to-day. A perfect example of the play which concerns itself merely with the mood of the moment is a comedy entitled *General Post*, the work of Mr. Harold Terry and produced in London during the war. Its theme was the tailor who became an officer, a dramatic version of the "Temporary Gentleman" gibe. Now that theme was of absorbing personal interest to thousands of British families, because owing to the dearth of officers, the old exclusiveness of the British Army had broken down. *General Post* was one of the great successes of the war. It was topical, it dealt with a problem about which everybody was thinking. But the conditions which made it a success have passed away and I cannot imagine its ever being revived. But to the historian investigating the social conditions of England during the Great War, *General Post* ought to prove an illuminating document.

The gibe of Mr. Bernard Shaw that there is only one institution more out of date than the Church, and that that institution is the theatre is therefore, like so many gibes, undeserved. The very essence of the theatre is its responsiveness to the moods and thoughts of the moment. It is the mirror which tells us of what stuff we, the children of an hour, are made, and though it is somewhat cracked and tarnished, those blemishes ought not to blind us to what is its primary function. The theatre indeed is amazingly sensitive to these profound movements which agitate mankind and modify its institutions and its outlook. The most impressive of these movements in the modern world has been the gradual rise of woman to a position of social and political equality with man. We are yet unable to fathom the changes which that advance will make in the structure of human society. Already it has produced in America a civilisation which is profoundly different from that, say, of Germany where masculinity still holds out in one of its last ramparts. But in Anglo-Saxon communities, women have reached a degree of influence which already tends to give them a preponderating share in all those social movements which direct natural affairs. Now that knocking at the door of women was heard first of all in the theatre. The fundamental difference between the Elizabethan and the modern theatre is that the Elizabethan was designed entirely for men and that the modern caters primarily to women who are its most assiduous and intelligent patrons. The mere fact that women now take women's parts is alone of immense significance. Shakespeare flatters women, but almost without exception they are the subordinate characters in his plays. The chances are that if a modern dramatist were to write *Macbeth* as an original play, his principal characters would be not the thane, but the thane's masterful and ambitious wife, and he would have seen to it, or his leading

lady would have seen to it for him, that if Lady Macbeth were to die, it would not be until the last act. In the other tragedies, the women are insignificant compared with the men and the only emotion they arouse is that of pity. Women, in the theatre as in life. were intended to play a strictly subordinate part even in an age which produced Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. Imagination was on the Elizabethan stage the prerogative of man. Moreover, all those things which we resent on the Elizabethan stage, its passion for bombast, for exaggeration, for plays on words, its coarseness, its toleration of cruelty, its thirst for battle, its cult of the tavern, its broad jests, were all appanages of its masculinity and we resent or deplore them to-day because we see the theatre through women's spectacles. Mr. Archer, for example, has scarcely a good word to say for the Elizabethan and seventeenth century drama apart from Shakespeare, and he compares it most unfavourably with the theatre of to-day. In his animadversions on the drama of the past in his latest book *The Old Drama and the New* he says with reference to the Elizabethan drama, "The question is not one of morality or immorality, but of sweet air as opposed to stifling malodorousness. I suggest that it was not a merit, but an unpleasing defect, in the Elizabethans that they loved to hale into the foreground of their pictures all the unsavory incidents of life which modern sanitation tries to hold aloof, not only from our eyes, but from our nostrils." But it is not so much modern sanitation but modern woman which insists on keeping from our sight "all the unsavory incidents of life." Within our own time, we have seen a similar change in the British music halls. The British matron and maiden in frequenting the music halls dispersed the old forces of bacchanalian darkness. Modern society, unlike those of old, is moulded by women and the theatre was the first to herald and to submit to the change.

Nor was this revolution marked merely by a removal of the impurities which so offend the sensitive nostrils of Mr. Archer. As I have already said, the Elizabethan dramatist was almost exclusively concerned with man, particularly in those higher flights where the imagination alone can reach. But with the rise of Ibsen, woman became the concern not merely of the comic but of the tragic dramatist. Rebecca in *Rosmersholm* is essentially the emanation of a modern mind. So also are Nora and Mrs. Alving and Hedda Gabler. Those daughters of sorrow trumpeted to an unbelieving world that a sex had awakened. And the trumpet was sounded not in a temple, not in a tavern, not in a market place, but in a theatre. The old familiar type of tragedy was the affair of a man ; the Ibsen and post-Ibsen tragedy was invariably the affair of a woman. The theatre on this occasion was not in advance of but it was in touch with the time. In all tragedy, the elements of austerity and awe must be present. There must be something masculine

in its texture. But the old dramatist found masculinity only in man; the modern dramatist finds masculinity also in women and tells us that there are in this world thousands of women who, in Macbeth's phrase have such a mettle that they ought to bring forth men children only. Right down to our own day, almost every serious play produced in England and America has been a variation on the theme of *A Doll's House*. The emancipation of woman was secured first of all in the theatre. And it was not propaganda. There is little propaganda in a mirror. The theatre was simply obeying its eternal impulse to turn to contemporary life for food and sustenance. The Ibsenite drama had its day and the reaction which followed from the pretentions of women had its day in Strindberg and in the ironic comedies of Davis and Somerset Maugham. Is there a danger of a new tyranny, of a petticoat despotism? Some men, many women too, fear it. We cannot ignore this danger, but we can ridicule it and here is Mr. Somerset Maugham with *Home and Beauty*, *The Circle* and *Our Betters* at our service.

And what about the actual present? There again, the theatre is as obsequious, as watchful, as topical as ever. In an article published in *The Atlantic Monthly* I drew attention to the preoccupation of man with the complex forces of disorder surging around him and the profound scepticism he entertains as to his ability to deal with them. The war has told us that round about us there are forces so masterful that once unchained, they threaten to submerge mankind. How do we stand in the presence of evolution and in haunting terror of what may yet happen, we who once deemed ourselves just a little lower than the angels and made in the very image of the Creator of the Universe? We feel that we are no longer masters in our planetery home. And this perplexing thought is mirrored in the contemporary theatre. In the old drama, there was always drawn a sharp distinction between man, his fate and the other supernatural agencies which tempted and too often crushed him. Broken he may have been but man he remained to the end. That is the explanation of the extraordinary feeling of exhilaration which comes over us after witnessing the great tragedies—the conviction that life is a paradox, that the first shall be last and the last first and that man in defeat is greater than man in victory. Macbeth is something more than a murderer, Hamlet is infinitely greater than Horatio and Lear is mightier than the elements which buffet him. There is something uplifting and robust in old tragedy. But modern tragedy is correspondingly depressing; that is why the common people foreswear it, not because it is tragedy, but because it is depressing. By so doing, they are showing a healthy aesthetic instinct. To the Elizabethans a tragedy was a thing of joy; to the modern, it is the apotheosis of gloom. Karl Capek is a typical modern international dramatist in whose plays we witness not the conflict of man with

fate, but the struggles of creatures, one day called Robots, the next day insects, against something more forbidding than fate and more impalpable than the supernatural. Something of the same line of thought is apparent in the work of Mr. C. K. Munro, one of the ablest of the new school of British dramatists. In his play *Rumour* we see the influence of suggestion, report, innuendo, culminating in a war and driving men and women of all classes and countries into murder, despair, and cynical submission to catastrophes. Man in those plays is not magnified, but belittled. The drama does not develop through fate rushing in and taking advantage of a cancer spot or weakness in a tower of strength. There is no tower of strength at all; there is simply that helpless rather comic creature called man.

Of course there will be the inevitable reaction and when it comes the first signs of the awakening of spring will come from the drama. For the theatre is a watchman on a tower scanning the horizon for the first glimpse of new invaders. To be successful from an aesthetic as well as from a commercial point of view, it must have its eyes open. As my manager friend said, it must be "topical". And the reason why there are so many unsuccessful plays is that so many dramatists are inclined to tackle the problems and thoughts not of to-day but of yesterday.

(The End)

SOME DO NOT

A Novel.

by FORD MADOX FORD

(Continued.)

"You recognised that it was a fallacy!" Tietjens said. He was looking hard at her. He didn't know what had happened to him. She took a long look at him, cool, but with immense eyes. It was as if for a moment destiny, which usually let him creep past somehow, had looked at him. "Can't," he argued with destiny, "a man want to kiss a schoolgirl in a scuffle...' His own voice, a caricature of his own voice, seemed to come to him: "Gentlemen don't..." He exclaimed:

"Don't gentlemen?..." and then stopped because he realised that he had spoken aloud.

She said:

"Oh, *gentlemen* do!" she said, "use fallacies to glide over tight places in arguments. And they browbeat schoolgirls with them. It's that, that underneath, has been exasperating me with you. You regarded me at that date — three-quarters of a day ago—as a schoolgirl."

Tietjens said:

"I don't now!" He added: "Heaven knows I don't now!"

She said: "No; you don't now!"

He said:

"It didn't need your putting up all that blue stocking erudition to convince me..."

"Blue stocking!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "There's nothing of the blue stocking about me. I know Latin because father spoke it with us. It was your pompous blue socks I was pulling."

Suddenly she began to laugh. Tietjens was feeling sick, physically sick. She went on laughing. He stuttered:

"What is it?"

"The sun!" she said, pointing. Above the silver horizon was the sun; not a red sun: shining, burnished.

"I don't see..." Tietjens said.

"What there is to laugh at?" she asked. "It's the day!... The longest day's begun... and to-morrow's as long... The summer solstice, you know... After to-morrow the days shorten towards winter. But to-morrow's as long... I'm so glad..."

"That we've got through the night?..." Tietjens asked.

She looked at him for a long time. "You're not so dreadfully ugly, really," she said.

Tietjens said :

"What's that church?"

Rising out of the mist on a fantastically green knoll, a quarter of a mile away, was an unnoticeable place of worship : an oak shingle tower roof that shone grey like lead ; an impossibly bright weathercock, brighter than the sun. Dark elms all round it, holding wetnesses of mist.

"Ickleshame!" she cried softly. "Oh, we're nearly home. Just above Mountby... That's the Mountby drive..."

Trees existed, black and hoary with the dripping mist. Trees in the hedgerow and the avenue that led to Mountby : it made a right-angle just before coming into the road and the road went away at righ-angles across the gate.

"You'll have to pull to the left before you reach the avenue," the girl said. "Or as like as not the horse will walk right up to the house. The higgler who had him used t buy Lady Claudine's eggs..."

Tietjens exclaimed barbarously :

"Damn Mountby. I wish we'd never come near it." and he whipped the horse into a sudden trot. The hoofs sounded suddenly loud. She placed her hand on his gloved driving hand. Had it been his flesh she wouldn't have done it.

She said :

"My dear, it couldn't have lasted for ever... But you're a good man. And very clever... You will get through..."

Not ten yards ahead Tietjens saw a tea-tray, the underneath of a black-lacquered tea-tray, gliding towards them : mathematically straight, just rising from the mist. He shouted : mad : the blood in his head. His shout was drowned by the scream of the horse : he had swung it to the left. The cart turned up : the horse emerged from the mist : head and shoulders: pawing. A stone sea-horse from the fountain of Versailles! Exactly that! Hanging in air for an eternity : the girl looking at it, leaning slightly forward.

The horse didn't come over backwards : he had loosened the reins. It wasn't there any more. The damndest thing that *could* happen! He had known it would happen. He said :

"We're all right now!" There was a crash and scraping : like twenty tea-trays : a prolonged sound. They must be scraping along the mud-guard of the invisible car. He had the pressure of the horse's mouth : the horse was away : going hell for leather. He increased the pressure. The girl said :

"I know I'm all right with you."

They were suddenly in bright sunlight : cart : horse : commonplace hedgerows. They were going uphill : a steep brae. He wasn't certain she hadn't said : "Dear!" or "My dear!" Was it possible after so short...? But it had been a long night. He was, no doubt, saving her life too. He increased his pressure on the horse's mouth gently : up to all his twelve stone : all his strength. The hill told too. Steep, white road between shaven grass banks!

Stop ; damn you! Poor beast... The girl fell out of the cart. No! jumped clear! Out to the animal's head. It threw its head up. Nearly off her feet : she was holding the bit... She couldn't! Tender mouth... afraid of horses.... He said :

"Horse cut!" Her face like a little white blancmange!

"Come quick," she said.

"I must hold a minute," he said, "might go off if I let go to get down. Badly cut?"

"Blood running down solid! Like an apron," she said.

He was at last at her side. It was true. But not so much like an apron. More like a red, varnished stocking. He said :

"You've a white petticoat on. Get over the hedge ; jump it, and take it off..."

"Tear it into strips?" she asked. "Yes!"

He called to her ; she was suspended halfway up the bank :

"Tear one half off first. The rest into strips."

She said : "All right!" She didn't go over the quickset as neatly as he had expected. No take off. But she was over...

The horse, trembling, was looking down, its nostrils distended, at the blood pooling from its near foot. The cut was just on the shoulder. He put his left arm right over the horse's eyes. The horse stood it, almost with a sigh of relief... A wonderful magnetism with horses. Perhaps with women too? God knew. He was almost certain she had said "Dear."

She said : "Here." He caught a round ball of whitish stuff. He undid it. Thank God : what sense! A long, strong, white band... What the devil was the hissing. ... A small, closed car with crumpled mud-guards : noiseless nearly : gleaming black... God curse it : it passed them : stopped ten yards down... the horse rearing back : mad! Clean mad... something like a scarlet and white cockatoo, fluttering out of the small car door... a general. In full tog. White feathers! Ninety medals! Scarlet coat! Black trousers with red stripe. Spurs too, by God!

Tietjens said :

"God damn you, you bloody swine. Go away!"

The apparition, past the horse's blinkers, said :

"I can, at least, hold the horse for you. I went past to get you out of Claudine's sight."

"Damn good-natured of you," Tietjens said as rudely as he could. "You'll have to pay for the horse."

The General exclaimed :

"Damn it all! Why should I? You were driving your beastly camel right into my drive."

"You never sounded your horn," Tietjens said.

"I was on private ground," the General shouted. "Besides I did." An enraged, scarlet scarecrow, very thin, he was holding the horse's bridle. Tietjens was extending the half petticoat, with a measuring eye, before the horse's chest. The General said :

"Look here! I've got to take the escort for the Royal party at St. Peter-in-Manor, Dover. They're laying the Buff's colours on the altar or something."

"You never sounded your horn," Tietjens said. "Why didn't you bring your chauffeur? He's a capable man.... You talk very big about the widow and child. But when it comes to robbing them of fifty quid by slaughtering their horse..."

The General said :

"What the devil were you doing coming into our drive at five in the morning?"

Tietjens, who had applied the half petticoat to the horse's chest, exclaimed :

"Pick up that thing and give it me." A thin roll of linen was at his feet : it had rolled down from the hedge.

"Can I leave the horse?" the General asked.

"Of course you can," Tietjens said. "If I can't quiet a horse better than you can run a car..."

He bound the new linen strips over the petticoat : the horse dropped its head, smelling his hand. The General, behind Tietjens, stood back on his heels, grasping his gold-mounted sword. Tietjens went on twisting and twisting the bandage.

"Look here," the General suddenly bent forward to whisper into Tietjens' ear. "what am I to tell Claudine? I believe she saw the girl."

"Oh, tell her we came to ask what time you cast off your beastly otter hounds," Tietjens said ; "that's a matutinal job..."

The General's voice had a really pathetic intonation :

"On a Sunday!" he exclaimed. Then in a tone of relief he added : "I shall tell her you were going to early communion in Duchemin's church at Pett."

"If you want to add blasphemy to horse-slaughtering as a profession, do," Tietjens said. "But you'll have to pay for the horse."

"I'm damned if I will," the General shouted. "I tell you you were driving into my drive."

"Then I *shall*," Tietjens said, "and you know the construction you'll put on *that*."

He straightened his back to look at the horse.

"Go away," he said, "say what you like. Do what you like! But as you go through Rye send up the horse-ambulance

from the vet.'s. Don't forget that. I'm going to save this horse..."

"You know, Chris," the General said, "you're the most wonderful hand with a horse... There isn't another man in England..."

"I know it," Tietjens said. "Go away. And send up that ambulance... There's your sister getting out of your car..."

The General began:

"I've an awful lot to get explained..." But, at a thin scream of: "General! General!" he pressed on his sword hilt to keep it from between his long, black, scarlet-striped legs, and running to the car pushed back into its door a befeathered, black bolster. He waved his hand to Tietjens:

"I'll send the ambulance," he called.

The horse, its upper leg swathed with criss-crosses of white through which a purple stain was slowly penetrating, stood motionless, its head hanging down, mule-like, under the blinding sun. To ease it Tietjens began to undo the trace. The girl hopped over the hedge and, scrambling down, began to help him.

"Well. *My* reputation's gone," she said cheerfully. "I know what Lady Claudine is... Why did you try to quarrel with the General?..."

"Oh, you'd better," Tietjens said wretchedly, "have a lawsuit with him. It'll account for... for your not going to Mountby..."

"You think of everything," she said.

They wheeled the cart backwards off the motionless horse. Tietjens moved it two yards forward—to get it out of sight of its own blood. Then they sat down side by side on the slope of the bank.

"Tell me about Groby," the girl said at last.

Tietjens began to tell her about his home.... There was, in front of it, an avenue that turned into the road at right angles. Just like the once at Mountby.

"My great-great-grandfather made it," Tietjens said. "He liked privacy and didn't want the house visible by vulgar people on the road... just like the fellow who planned Mountby, no doubt... But it's beastly dangerous with motors. We shall have to alter it... just at the bottom of a dip. We can't have horses hurt... You'll see..." It came suddenly into his head that he wasn't perhaps the father of the child who was actually the heir to that beloved place over which generation after generation had brooded. Ever since Dutch William! A damn Nonconformist swine!

On the bank his knees were almost level with his chin. He felt himself slipping down.

"If I ever take you there..." he began.

"Oh, but you never will," she said.

The child wasn't his. The heir to Groby! All his brother's were childless... There was a deep well in the stable yard. He had meant to teach the child how, if you dropped a pebble in, you waited to count sixty-three. And there came up a whispering roar... But not his child! Perhaps he hadn't even the power to beget children. His married brothers hadn't... Clumsy sobs shook him. It was the dreadful injury to the horse which had finished him. He felt as if the responsibility were his. The poor beast had trusted him and he had smashed it up. Miss Wannop had her arm over his shoulder.

"My dear!" she said, "you won't ever take me to Groby... It's perhaps... oh... short acquaintance; but I feel you're the splendidest..."

He thought: "It *is* rather short acquaintance."

He felt a great deal of pain, over which there presided the tall, eel-skin, blonde figure of his wife....

The girl said:

"There's a fly coming!" and removed her arm.

A fly drew up before them with a blear-eyed driver. He said General Campion had kicked him out of bed, from beside his old woman. He wanted a pound to take them to Mrs. Wannop's, waked out of his beauty sleep and all. The knacker's cart was following.

"You'll take Miss Wannop home at once," Tietjens said, "she's got her mother's breakfast to see to.... I shan't leave the horse till the knacker's van comes."

The fly-driver touched his age-green hat with his whip.

"Aye," he said thickly, putting a sovereign into his waistcoat pocket. "Always the gentleman... a merciful man is merciful also to his beast.... But I wouldn't leave my little wooden 'ut, nor miss my breakfast, for no beast.... Some do and some... do not."

He drove off with the girl in the interior of his antique conveyance.

Tietjens remained on the slope of the bank, in the strong sunlight, beside the drooping horse. It had done nearly forty miles and lost, at last, a lot of blood.

Tietjens said:

"I suppose I could get the governor to pay fifty quid for it. They want the money...."

He said:

"But it wouldn't be playing the game!"

A long time afterwards he said:

"Damn all principles!" And then:

"But one has to keep on going.... Principles are like a skeleton map of a country—you know whether you're going east or north."

The knacker's cart lumbered round the corner.

End of Part I.

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

by Gertrude Stein

VII.

Martha, David Hersland's sister, who always did whatever it was right for her to do, to her feeling, was not very unpleasing. In some ways she was quite pleasing, she was so to her husband, to him she very pleasing. She was not really pleasing to her brother David Hersland, to him she was not appealing nor domineering and it took women of these two kinds to be pleasing to him, but he knew she was a good woman who would always do what was right for her to do, to her feeling, and mostly he thought she was right in her feeling and in her way of doing what was right to her feeling and so he was willing that she should choose a wife to content him.

To her husband this Martha was almost always pleasing. He was a big man with strong passion in him and a sentimental feeling and he wanted a wife, not to be domineering, but to hold him with her attraction, and always to be equal to him. He did not want a wife to appeal to him, he would not have one to domineer over him. It was his sentimental feeling that made him not want his wife to be appealing, he wanted to make her an ideal to him. He was a man to be master in his living and so he never would have a wife to domineer over him.

Martha Hersland who was married to him was just right for him. She was the woman to hold him and this one can see from the nature of her as it will come out from her in the history of her as she makes the marriage for her brother.

In some ways Martha was not very pleasing, she was a woman to make a beginning and to keep on going when it was right to do so, to her feeling. When she met with stronger women she would not stop herself from winning, she would not know that she was then losing, she only dropped out of that working and made for herself a new beginning. She was not a strong woman, as her mother had been, the mother who was like a mountain, who had it in her to uphold her, her man, her family, and everybody whom she saw needing directing. Martha was not in such a way a strong woman, she was not in any such way pleasing. She was like her father in her important feeling,

but she was stronger than he ever had been, in keeping going, she was fonder of making a beginning, she always liked to be doing, and so she was not very pleasing. And yet I am not right in saying she was not pleasing, in some ways she was very pleasing.

It is this that we must use as a beginning to understand this kind of woman, to feel what she was doing in arranging a marriage for her brother David to content him to see what she had strongly inside her of an important feeling, to know why she had the right way of doing whatever was right to her feeling in the business of living, to know how her husband could find her so so satisfying, to find out how she was pleasing.

Martha was a good woman in doing whatever it was right for her to do, to her feeling. She was fond of doing, good at making a beginning, and almost strong enough to keep going. It was always all right for her when there was not any strong person resisting, for then she was always strong enough to keep on going and then, though mostly, not altogether winning, she came then near enough to winning to give to her her important feeling. She would not end in any kind of winning if any other one kept up any resisting, then Martha would not know she was losing, she would begin with some other beginning and so she never could lose her important feeling. Her husband listened to her talking, he knew what she did from her telling, she was not strong to be domineering, she was strong enough not to be appealing, she was always attractive to him, she filled up his sentimental feeling, she was an ideal to him with no power to disturb him, she was always pleasing to him.

As I was saying her brother did not find her pleasing but he knew she was a good woman, he felt that she was mostly right in her feeling and in her ways of doing, he was willing that she should choose a wife for him to content him and he was right to let her choose for him.

Martha's husband had a cousin who had once worked for old Mr. Nissen. This cousin and his wife came to know them enough to see them very often. There were not many people who came to know them enough to see them very often. The old man Hissen had his wife and children shut up with him as much and as long as he could keep them. One of them the eldest girl among them, the one that had most in her, of all of them, of religion, had already come to her marrying. A cousin from another town came to see them and she wanted him and he wanted her to take care of him, and then they made the father consent to their marrying. Perhaps he liked it better that they had no good prospects before them. Marrying should be a sorrow to them, and the mother sorrowed in them, living was all sadness and she knew that it would be so for them. Anyway they were married and they were living happily enough when the wife did not feel too strongly her importance in religion.

Now that they were married the old folks did not interfere with them.

There were a number of the Hissen women who never came to marrying. Their way of living and with no one except strangers to help them and the eldest daughter not doing very well in her marryning and being gloomy and important in religion and never very strong in pushing or doing things to help them, it came to their being a family of women and three of them, and they were of the pleasant ones among them never came to have a man who wanted any one of them to content him. They lived with their father and later with another one of them who had done very well in marrying and they were all together then gentle cheerful little older women, they were each in their circle cheerful in the present, they lived and died in mildness and contentment.

But now there was a chance for the marrying of another one of them, of Fanny Hissen and she was soon now to meet David Hersland and to see whether she would be pleasing to him, to make a wife to him to content him.

Martha had come to know them well enough to see them fairly often. She was pleasing to the old man Hissen. She was a sensible good woman and always neat in her dressing. She was not afraid of him She was a patient woman and would listen to the trickling little woman who was always in her sorrowing, who told her often what she thought of living. She was a friend of the eldest daughter of them the one who was married to her cousin. Martha was sure that it was right to do whatever was good in religion. For her it was not a religion, for her it was the right way to do in the business of living that was important in her being, but she had a sentiment for religion, she had a respect for the oldest daughter's important feeling. It was alright for both of them for Martha had her important feeling and it was not in religion, it was in the matter of every day living, and so there was no quarreling between these two women and their kind of important feeling. They each had much respect in them for the other one's way of feeling and right way of doing.

Martha was a neat woman. She was a strong enough woman and always active in doing. She had a kind of sentimental feeling and that made her respect the Hissen religion, she had a hard way of thinking and that made her like the gentleness of all the pleasant Hissen women, she had a kind of a common feeling and that made her respect the old Hissen woman who spent her life in sorrowing, in weeping out the sadness of all living. And yet always Martha had the important feeling, she knew what was the right way to do to keep on living,to help people to marrying, to make the world keep on as it was in the beginning.

Martha was always talking about the Hissen girls and their way of living. She got almost to feel that she was a sister and

a mother to them. They did not have in them any such feeling but then the Hissen women all had a pride in them that they did not have any kind of a common feeling in them, even the eldest one who was so unpleasant to the others of them never had any common feeling. Such a thing could never be in any of the Hissen men or woman.

To the Hissen women this Martha was always a little common. But they were wrong in their feeling. This Martha was not really inside her even a little common, it was her hard way of thinking that gave the Hissens such a feeling. It was that she did not have in her any fine feeling. All the Hissen men and women had fine feeling. This Martha did not have any fine feeling but she was not common in her feeling. In Martha it was a hard way of thinking that was deceiving.

Any way the Hissen girls who were coming now to be women and who began to feel in them the liking to have men choose them to content them, were very willing to let this Martha do what they could not do themselves with the finer kind of feeling they all had in them. Not that Martha ever had a common match making feeling or ever wanted to do anything except just what it was right for her to do to her feeling. It was not a common or mean feeling that made Martha do what she did for them. It was a strong sense of what was right for her to do in the business of living to make the world go on as it was in the beginning, it was too, that she had a feeling for the gentle dignity that was the most important thing in all Hissen men and women so that they could not help themselves to win for themselves the things every one needs to have for his living.

And so it came that she chose Fanny Hissen to be the one that should be married to her brother David Hersland who needed now to have a wife to content him to go to Gossols with him, to help him in his living, to have children for him so that the world could go on as it had from the beginning.

It went very quickly from the beginning for Fanny Hissen was very pleasing to him and David Hersland had nothing common in him for them. He was too big in his feeling and in the way he made any one who saw him feel him ever to give any one, even gentle Hissen men and women any such feeling.

Martha was in a way common to them. David never gave any one of them any such feeling. Martha was not low in her feeling. It was her hard being that gave them such a feeling. She was always considering them in her feeling, she had respect for them and felt in them all the fine things they had inside them but to them she was not sensitive in her feeling, she was always a little common to them always a little low to them, they felt it always inside in them. With her brother David Hersland they never had any such feeling. David never gave any one of them any such feeling. And yet, as I was saying, it was not because Martha was lower in her being that they had always this feeling. The old man Hissen had not such a feeling.

Martha was more pleasing to him than she was to any of the others of them. To the others of them it was a certain thing inside her that was not so much hard but not sensitive or appealing that made them feel her to be a little common, to their feeling. David Hersland never gave any of them such a feeling.

No Martha was not low in her feeling. David had things in him that would be very low to them if they knew they were inside him but they never could come to know such things in him. He was so big in his feeling he could always carry them along inside him, inside him or outside him it was all one, he was in them they were in him and they could never come to any judgement toward him and so they never could come to know any low thing in him. It was very different with the feeling they always had that Martha was below them. Martha had very little of any low or dirty feeling. She was not delicate in her feeling. She was a good enough looking woman, not unpleasing, always neat in her dressing and attractive enough like most good enough looking women. It was mostly never a low feeling she had in her and never toward any one of them but they mostly all always had inside them a certain sense that she was common to them. David Hersland never gave to any of them any such feeling. He was as big as all the world in his beginning and low and high and delicate it was all in him, he was it, they were in him and low things were big in him so that no one could ever feel them in him as low things inside him, no never not even when he was an old man and things were falling down inside him and around him in his being.

The only one who had a feeling that Martha was really pleasing was her husband and she was just right for him. He only heard what she said to him, in anything that she had been concerned in, and so he never came to any feeling that she was not a strong woman to win out in the things she always loved to be beginning. He never could know that she was not strong in winning. She always did, to herself, whatever it was right for her to do, to her feeling. When she met with the beginning of a losing she would not stop herself from winning, she would not know that she was then losing, she only dropped out of that working and made for herself a new beginning. She was not a strong woman as her mother had been. Mostly she was not pleasing for she was not strong in winning or beginning and she had nothing appealing to make her attractive to men or women and so she was not very pleasing, but she was a good enough woman to become a friend of the Hissen men and women, to be satisfying to old Mr. Hissen and to have her brother David Hersland let her choose a wife for him to content him. She was a good woman in doing whatever it was right for her to do, to her feeling. She was fond of doing, good at making a beginning, almost strong enough to keep on going. It was always all right for her when there was not any strong person resisting, for then she was always strong enough to

keep on going, and then, though mostly not altogether winning, she would come near enough to winning to keep in her her important feeling. She would not end in any kind of winning if any one kept up any resisting, then Martha would not know she was losing, she would begin with some other beginning, and so she never would lose any important feeling.

To her husband she was altogether pleasing. He had much very soggy passion in him and he had always inside him sentimental feeling so that he wanted a wife, not to be domineering but to hold him so that his passion could have a solid thing to bring it together in him, so that his wife should always be equal to him. He did not want a wife to appeal to him. It was his sentimental feeling that made him not want his wife to be appealing, he wanted to make of her an ideal to him. He was a man to be master in his living and so he never would have a wife to domineer over him, he wanted a wife to be equal to him so that she could harden for him the muddy passion in him, he wanted a wife to be an ideal to him to satisfy his sentimental feeling.

Martha was to him always pleasing. Her husband listened to her talking, he knew what she did from her telling, she was not strong to be domineering, she was strong enough not to be appealing, she was always attractive to him, she filled up his sentimental feeling, she was an ideal to him, with no power to disturb him. She was always pleasing to him.

To her brother she was not really pleasing but she was a good anough woman for him to choose a wife for him to content him.

Soon now then Fanny Hissen was married to David Hersland and went out to Gossols with him, and now together they were to begin their living, to make children who perhaps would come to have in them a really important feeling of themselves inside them.

David Hersland who was to be the father of them, of the three children who were not yet come into the world through them, had always in him an important feeling, not inside him for it was all of him, everything was of him and he was it and there was never any difference for him between himself and everything existing.

The mother who was to bear the three children, she perhaps would come to an important feeling, she did not have it as a natural thing to have really an important feeling. With her it must come from a, to her, not natural way of living, and it first had its beginning with her friendship with the Shiller women. Then it came to be stronger with the living in Gossols in the ten acre place in the part of Gossols where no other rich people were living, where she was cut off from the rich foreign american living which was for her the natural way of being.

Mrs. Fanny Hersland had always had in her the beginning of an almost important feeling which she had from being like

her mother in her nature, the mother who had had, in her sad trickling arising of itself inside her, an almost important feeling. This beginning of an almost important feeling, had never in Fanny Hissen been very real inside her while she was living in Bridgepoint, for then the strongest thing in her was the family way of being and that always would have been just so strong in her and it never would have come to her to have any realler feeling of being important to herself inside her if she had not gone to Cossols and left the family way of living, when she went out to Gossols where she was to have none of the being always a part of the well to do foreign american living, that it came to her to begin to have this almost important feeling. It was not marrying that gave her such a feeling. Marrying would never have changed her from her family way of being, it was going to Gossols and leaving the family being and having a for her unnatural way of living that awoke in her a sense inside her of the almost important feeling that was to come to be inside in her.

It had its beginning with her knowing, in the hotel where the Herslands were living before they settled down in the ten acre place, it had its beginning with her knowing old Mrs. Shiller and her daughter Sophie Shiller and her other daughter Pauline Shiller. With them there began inside her a sense of individaul being, not that it was different in her to her feeling, it was only different in her being. Now she had no longer in her as the strongest thing inside her the Hissen way of being that was then all her and was the natural way of being to her. Later it grew stronger in her, this being, that never was different to her in her feeling that she knew inside her, but later it grew stronger in her, a very little by her husband and the power over him she had in her, but mostly with the living that came soon to be all the being there was of her, the living with her servants and governesses and dependents and the for her poor queer kind of people who lived near her, and the way she had of being a power, of being of them, with them, and always above them, and the feeling they had in them ; and all this gave to her the real being of an almost important feeling.

When one just met with them, old heavy Mrs. Shiller and her daughter Sophie Shiller and the other daughter the thinner Pauline Shiller, they were at first meeting and even after longer knowing like many other ordinary women. Yet always one had a little uncertain feeling that perhaps each one of them had something queer in her. One could never be very certain with them whether this possible queerness of them was because of something queer inside in all them or that they were queer because something had been left out in each one of them in the making of them or that they had lost something out of them that should have been inside in them, that something had dropped out of each one of them and they had been indolent or stupid or staring each one of them then and they had not

noticed such a dropping out of them had perhaps a hole then somewhere inside in them and this may have been that which gave to each one of them the queerness that it was never certain was ever really there in any one of them. One never was certain with them that there was anything queer about them. Mostly they were just ordinary stupid enough women like millions of them.

The mother was one of those heavy women who are all straight down the whole front of them when they are sitting. When they are walking they are always slowly waddling with heavy breathing.

Many such heavy fat flabby waddling women have something queer about them. These have big doughy empty heads on top of them. These heads on them give to one a kind of feeling such as a baby's head gives to one in the first months of its living, that the head is not well fastened to them, that it will fall off them if one does not hold it together on them. This kind of a head on them is what gives these fat flabby women the queerness about them that makes strange things of them. They have been living, working, cooking, directing, they have been-chosen by a man to content him, they have had children come into the world through them, sometimes strong men and women have been born from inside them, they have made marriages for their children and managed people around them, they lived and suffered and some of them have had power in them, and they are flabby now with big doughy heads that wobble on them.

It is a queer feeling that one has in them and perhaps it is, that they have something queer in them something that gives to one a strange uncertain feeling with them for their heads are on them as puling babies heads are always on them and it gives to one a queer uncertain feeling to see heads on big women that look loose and wobbly on them.

Old Mrs. Shiller was such a one. It was uncertain always even after a long knowing of her whether the wobbly head on her was all that made a strange thing of her or whether there was something queer inside in her, different from the others of them, different from all of them who always give to one a strange uncertain feeling, all the many fat ones who are made just like her. Perhaps that was all that was queer in her, that which is always queer in all the many fat ones who are made just like her.

The fat daughter Sophie Shiller in the ways one mostly felt her has many millions who are just like her. The fat daughter Sophie Shiller was a little her mother but her head was not yet wobbly on her. Sometimes there was something about her that perhaps came from something queer inside her. Mostly she was just an ordinary rather fat young woman and there are many millions made just like her.

As one knew her mother and her sister she was an amiable

enough good sister and daughter. Mostly one felt that she was a very good sister and a very good daughter. Not that it was a family of women that as far as one could know them were very trying to one another. They seemed to have enough money to live comfortably in the hotel together. They had a poodle dog who was company for the mother. They never quarreled with each other. They did not have any troubles there at the hotel where they were comfortably living together.

Sophie Shiller and Pauline Shiller were sisterly with one another. Sophie Shiller like most fat sisters was afraid of the thinner. Sometimes it is the thinner who is afraid of the fatter when two daughters are sisterly together but most often it is the fat sister who is afraid of the thinner. It is not so much being older or younger that makes sisters afraid of one another, it is a kind of power that always one has over the other, mostly it is the fat one who is afraid of the other because it would hurt more if pins were stuck into her, not that the thinner is always in any way meaner, sometimes it is the fat one who is afraid who is the meaner, but there is so much more of her, there is so much more unprotected surface to her, somehow, it is that which makes her afraid of the thinner even when the thin one is really never nasty to her. This was true of the sisters Sophie Shiller and Pauline Shiller, the fat one always had fear in her but the thin one never in any way was ever mean or nasty to her. It is this fear that the one has in her that often makes the people who know her and see the mother and the sister with her feel that the thin one has mean ways in her. Not that the fat one complains of her but there is a fear in her, and often it is only a fear from there being so much of her but when others feel the fear in her they are sure it must come from the mean things the thinner one does to her. So it was with Sophie Shiller and they were very sisterly together.

It was a month or so after the Herslands had come to the hotel that Mrs. Hersland began to know Sophie Shiller. She had met her going about in the hotel and sometimes when she was out she met with her and they came in together. They soon were a good deal together. They soon began to call on each other. Mrs. Hersland began to know the mother and the sister Pauline Shiller. Pauline did not take much interest in her. Mostly she and Sophie did not have friends together. The way in which Sophie was afraid of her sister made any one who knew her have an awe of Pauline Shiller, made them have a kind of feeling about her so that they could never be easy with her. Always in them must be a suspicions feeling that there was danger for them in her and they must not be too free when being with her or talking to her. It was the fear in the fat sister that gave to all who knew her a restraint when they were with Pauline Shiller. Not that Sophie ever complained of her, not that Sophie had ever known that she had such a fear in her. It was always there

though and affected all who knew her although from their own knowing of her they could see that Pauline Shiller had no mean ways in her. Of course there were people who first knew the thin sister and they never had any such feeling about her. But all who knew her first knew Sophie Shiller never could come to be easy with her sister. Mrs. Hersland first knew Sophie Shiller. It is easy to see how the knowing Sophie Shiller and her mother and the sister Pauline Shiller would awaken in her the always possible almost important feeling that was quiet until then inside her.

Sophie Shiller never meant very much to her. They were very much together and Fanny Hersland always felt for her. She had no affection for her and after she moved away from the hotel she did not very often see her.

The year that they both lived in the hotel they were a great deal together but Sophie did not impress her, she never became really important to her, Mrs. Hersland had not really any afection for her. Mrs. Hersland never came to feel any nearer to the mother, and the sister Pauline Shiller.

Knowing Sophie Shiller and her mother and her sister was really very important to her. They were a problem to her.

Always she had a feeling for Sophie Shiller. Sophie never complained to her and the sister Pauline was always a puzzle to her. She never came to really know inside her that the feeling she had about Pauline Shiller was because of the fear that was always in the fatter sister, a fear that she felt always to be inside Sophie Shiller. Sophie never complained of her sister. She never knew she had such a fear in her. At first Fanny Herlsand always felt for her, then slowly she felt that Pauline had no mean ways in her. Pauline was always very pleasant to her, she was always very decent to her mother and her sister Sophie. Perhaps later Mrs. Hersland would have liked her better if she had not first known the sister Sophie but that never really came to be a feeling inside her, even to the end of her knowing her she always felt for her, but, more and more it came to her that she was not sure of what she felt about her or about the mother or the sister Pauline Shiller, and so it came to be that there commenced inside her, from the not being certain of the judgment which was natural to her, there came to be inside her a beginning of an almost individual feeling.

(To be continued.)

CHRONIQUES

I

LITIR O EIRINN.

Dublin, Autumn.

My gloomy forebodings of June—which an unbelieving editor, waiting, I suppose, to see if they would accord with events did not publish until the Olympic Games were a fortnight over and Aonach Tailteann in progress—have, in part at least, been justified. We acquitted ourselves badly in the athletic section of the Olympic Games, but after all it was our first attempt.

In the literary contests we have more room for satisfaction. Senator Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty won a bronze medal for his Ode, which, as a matter of fact, was really written for the Tailteann Festival, and was sung by massed choirs at its opening. Brinsley Macnamara, gloomiest of our 'realistic' novelists, by some strange chance came to write a 'sporting comedy'—"The Glorious Uncertainty". For this he was awarded a bronze medal, and Mr. T. C. Murray whose plays are well-known in Ireland won a medal for his tragedy, "Birthright".

The Tailteann Festival was saved from the utter failure I predicted for it by the timely and politic action of the "Free State" Government in releasing the political prisoners It is true that they did not release them all, but about ninety per cent were released in the fortnight before the Games. Hence, although the Government of the Republic did not participate officially, individual Republicans did not feel it incumbent on them to hold aloof. The fact that the Dublin Horse Show which is the great annual social event in Ireland took place simultaneously helped to swell the crowds, and the presence in Dublin of such diverse personages as German, Persian and Indian princes, Spanish, Brazilian and Dutch "Excellencies", that most picturesque Gael, the Honorable Ruari Arascain

is Mairr, Augustus John, Commander C. B. Fry, Compton Mackenzie, Sir Edward Lutyens, G.K. Chesterton and Sir Henry Hadow lent an unusual interest to the many banquets and garden parties which took place.

Two things go to make of a public gathering on the large scale a success—good organisation and spontaneous enthusiasm. I have never known any project in Ireland to be organised more efficiently than Aonach Tailteann, indeed I scarcely thought such organisation was possible to our somewhat happy-go-lucky character. But the enthusiasm was lacking. This might not have been noticeable to one accustomed to the Teutonic stolidity and sheepishness of Englishmen en masse, but to anyone who knows the emotional intoxication of which an Irish crowd is capable it was very obvious. The reasons for this apathy I sufficiently explained in my letter of June.

The principal streets of Dublin were decorated not untastefully with flags and bunting, the predominating colours being orange, green and blue. And, a very pleasant innovation in street decoration, window-boxes aglow with blossom, baskets of growing flowers suspended from lamp-posts and tramway-poles, and tubs containing shrubs clustered around the base of statues. Indeed it were better if the shrubs had grown higher around some of those same statues. The tramway-poles themselves were coated with silver paint. Even the ships in the harbour, and the swarthy honest barges which despatch Guiness's stout to every quarter of the globe were adorned.

The Festival opened with the booming of artillery—no novelty to Dubliners—the hooting of many sirens, and the crash of massed bands. But the Dubliners, usually as avid of sensation as the ancient Athenians themselves, betrayed little excitement, and the day was well advanced when they began to saunter down O'Connell Street to criticise the decorations, and this lack of interest was noticeable all through, except indeed in regard to the purely athletic events; the motor-cycling contests and the Rodeo display direct from Wembley being particularly popular.

An incongruous part of the first day's proceedings was a procession of the unemployed bearing placards with such mottos as:—"We want flour—not flowers". This contrasted strangely with the "Industrial Pageant" in which several hundred Irish manufacturers advertised their wares.

But the most remarkable display of indifference took place in connection with the musical competitions. On the first

day of these less than a hundred of an audience were present. When similar tests take place at the Feis Ceoil in Dublin each summer, or at the Oireachtas, it is generally almost impossible to accomodate the audience. It was quite obvious that the pro-Gaelic section of the population was abstaining from these competitions, for there were only half a dozen entrants for the traditional singing, and none for the harp. And of that half dozen, the judge, Seumas Clandillon, said that the majority did not understand traditional singing, and did not know what Irish music was.

A very interesting feature of the Festival was the crowning of four Irish writers with wreaths of bay at the Royal Irish Academy. Senator Dr. W. B. Yeats who performed the ceremony made an interesting speech in the course of which he said :—"The awards are quite different from those given last Friday at the Abbey Theatre to writers who sent in work for competition. It was inevitable that there should be writers who would not enter any competition, and it seemed to the committee of Aonach Tailteann that authors should be crowned irrespective of competition. The task of the adjudicators was simply to pick out the best writers of the last three years resident in Ireland. They selected for the awards a book of scholarship, a work of fiction, and two books of verse, one of these which is by a very young writer, more for its promise than for its achievement. When we came to consider the books of scholarship, seeing that we are not learned men but creative artists, it seemed to us but right that we should give the award to some book that united scholarship to great beauty of form. There, perhaps, we have a little right to be heard, whereas upon a work of pure learning we have no right.

"We have, therefore, awarded the prize to Mr. Stephen McKenna for volume two of his noble translation of Plotinus. No one, to our knowledge, within the period fixed, united scholarship to a prose style so austere and beautiful as that Mr. McKenna has fashioned to his purpose, a style which at its best recalls the greater masters of English. The prose in which the Enneads are rendered enables us to appreciate the intellectual passion of Plotinus ; and to be able to communicate to us his own love for his original may be held to be one of the great virtues of a translator. The scholar who is not also a man of letters rarely conveys character or atmosphere, and what is noble in style in the original becomes undistinguished in the translation. So some sacred books, and poetry, which is half sacred literature, have become secular and lost their divinity, or the poetry has evaporated because the translator has not the gift of style. The learning displayed by Mr. McKenna has been praised by many, yet the highest praise we can give is to say

that this translation in its beauty, dignity and lucidity affects us as if it had been an original work of genius. When he translated Plotinus on 'Beauty' we may say of it in Milton's words, 'mine author sung it me'. And one that shall know this vision —with what passion of love shall he not be seized, with what pang of desire, what longing to be molten into this, what wondering delight. We feel when we close the passage that he, too, has been seized by longing 'to fly to the beloved Fatherland', and the emotion in the words is that of one who has himself seen the vision.

"In making the award for a book of fiction we have not thought well on this occasion, to consider dramatic literature. By far the greater part of the dramatic work produced in Ireland has been produced at the Abbey Theatre, and with that theatre two of us are so intimately connected that it would be difficult for us to judge dispassionately between play and play.

"Having ruled plays out of our award, we have, therefore, only to consider the work of our novelists. We need not consider Mr. Padraic Colum's 'Castle Conquer' nor Mr. James Joyce's 'Ulysses', nor Mr. George Moore's 'Conversations in Ebury Street', as they are excluded by our definition, which requires that an author shall be domiciled in Ireland. We feel, however, that it is our duty to say that Mr. James Joyce's book, though as obscene as 'Rabelais', and therefore forbidden by law in England and the United States, is more indubitably a work of genius than any prose written by an Irishman since the death of Synge. Lord Dunsany has created a strange and beautiful world, but he has only succeeded in imposing upon that world form and discipline in a few short plays and in a few scattered pages, and none of these were published in our period. We have anxiously considered his 'Chronicles of Rodriguez' and his 'King of Elfland's Daughter', and set them aside with regret. We admit the great merit of Mr. Michael Ireland's phantasy and humour, of Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's grimness, of Mr. Brinsley Macnamara's pitiless realism, but are unanimous in awarding the prize to Mr. James Stephens for his 'Deirdre'. The story of Deirdre has always attracted the imagination of our writers, and the tale has been told and told again in poem and play and story. We rejoice that it captured Mr. Stephens' imagination. He has created a work of art that is vivid and original. His genius, which is so sympathetic and tender, so happy in its choice of word and phrase, has found a subject entirely after its own heart. Deirdre lives again in this book, and as there are very many people in Ireland who are not scholars and who read neither poetry nor plays, the beautiful story might have remained unknown to them if Mr. Stephens had not retold it with such vividness and beauty.

The book is one which Ireland should feel proud of having created.

"In selecting among the writers of verse a certain historian's consideration seemed thrust upon us. The great Victorian poets wrote long poems, and touched upon many topics, and though they wrote many beautiful lyrics, these seemed almost an accident, something apart from the ambition of their lives. It was so, too, to an even greater extent, with the great Elizabethans, and just as the Elizabethan age was followed by the Jacobean with its lyricism, its perfection of detail, the Victorian age was followed by the poetical age in which we live. During the last twenty years poems have grown very short, and instead of touching upon many topics poets have celebrated life at its crisis, when it seems caught up into what Patmore calls the integrity of fire. Irish poets have felt the general movement, but have not seemed to do so because, until lately, they have translated from the Gaelic, like Mr. James Stephens, or chosen their subject matter from Gaelic antiquity. But for the last three years, the period that we are concerned with, they have been suddenly freed from historical prepossession, and written only out of themselves. It may prove in the end that they are not the less Irish because not obviously Irish at all.

"One book seemed at once pre-eminent, 'An Offering of Swans' by Dr. Oliver Gogarty. A wit Dr. Gogarty has always been, but in the midst of our civil war he created style and music and became a poet. Like Henry James, he discovered his genius in contemplating with the eyes of a stranger, and so with clear eyes, what seemed most beautiful in the life of England ; a beauty of great houses ; and this beauty once seen he discovered also Rome, and the nobility that is inseparable from power. Though his genius, like that of Henry James, reminds us that the god came to Danae in a shower of gold, it can sing finely of death.

'Our friends go with us, as we go
Down the long path where Beauty wends,
Where all we love foregather, so
Why should we fear to join our friends?

Who would survive them to outlast
His children ; to outwear his fame—
Left when the Triumph has gone past—
To win from Age not Time a name.

Then do not shudder at the knife
That death's indifferent hand drives home ;
But with the strivers leave the strife,
Nor, after Caesar, skulk in Rome.'

"When we came to consider the poetry of men under thirty, work more of promise than of achievement, we thought of the poems of Mr. Robert Wilson, of Mr. Austin Clarke, of Mr. F. R. Higgins, of a moving poem by Miss Kaftannikoff, who is Irish-born, though partly of Russian extraction, and the poems of other writers. But in the case of all with one exception, we found but two or three noticeable poems or passages. One writer, however, Mr. Harry Stuart, has made a little book called 'We Have Kept the Faith', where, though one finds no perfect poem, one finds constant beauty of metaphor and strangeness of thought, and so no lucky accident but a personality. Will his expression clarify, his music grow strong and confident, or will his promise remain unfulfilled? That will probably depend upon his critical capacity, upon his intellect, and of these we have no means of judging. His genius, if genius it be, is the opposite of Dr. Gogarty's, for he desires all that is faint, cold, and shadowy. He is drawn not to Rome, but to the Moon, for it is the Moon that he addresses when he cries:

> 'Oft have I thought and troubled not my head,
> My eyelids heavy with thy mystery,
> Death would but blow me from the feathery dead
> One heart-throb nearer thee'.

"And it is to the Moon that he cries 'O wound thyself and be for ever rid of the drug, the opium that dulls thy veins'. He has found but pale Muses, and they have given him a song that is like themselves, and yet it may be worth his while to leave much that men value for its sake and to endure the hardest labour".

The results of the literary competitions were interesting, and some hitherto unknown writers were brought to light. James Stephens and A.E. adjudicated in the verse section. They awarded the first prize to Senator Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty for his little book, "An Offering of Swans". I have not read the book nor, indeed, did I realise that Dr. Gogarty who is celebrated as a wit and a bon-viveur, had written serious verse. The second prize fell to a young poet, F. R. Higgins, for his slender booklet, "Salt Air". Higgins has been writing from time to time in various Irish periodicals for a number of years. Some of his work has beauty and colour, but on the whole it is over-sweet and over-sensuous. Mrs. Florence M. Salkeld won the third prize. Her work is practically unknown to the public, for she has not published more than half a dozen stray pieces. But it is interesting, much of it is beautiful, and to my mind evinces a peculiar style and flavour quite absent from modern poetry. It has the stateliness, the abundance, the well ordered sequences, and, withal, the pretty conceits of Elizabethan poetry.

James Stephens and Compton Mackenzie presided over the novel section. In distributing the prizes Mr. Mackenzie said :—"One book—Mr. Sears's 'Children of Thor' has stood. Although I am a hardened reader and writer—casehardened and shameless perhaps—I read it at a sitting. It tells the story of a very terrible time—the time of the 'Black and Tans' in this country. It is a narrative, and—perhaps I am getting oldfashioned—I like narrative. It is not a pretty book, and perhaps it is not really a very well written book, but it has life and will remain as a record of the time with which it deals. We have awarded the second prize to Mr. Garret O'Driscoll. Mr. O'Driscoll's 'Noreen' is a very beautiful book containing one of the most tender pictures of childhood I have ever seen. We would have liked to bracket that with Miss Pamela Hinkson's (Miss Hinkson is the daughter of Katherine Tynan) 'The End of All Dreams', which contained some wonderful dialogue —some real dialogue. One would almost say that she had listened at a keyhole sometime."

Mr. Lennox Robinson in awarding the prizes for drama said :—"The first prize was awarded for a one-act tragedy, 'The Passing'—a little work of remarkable quality and high imagination by Kenneth Sarr. The second prize was less easy to award, and we hesitated for some time between a play of startling strangeness by Lord Dunsany called 'Lord Adrian', and a play by Mr. T. C. Murray called 'Autumn Fire'. But weighing things carefully, it seemed to us that Lord Dunsany's play wasted time in its earlier acts, and that the attention of the audience was likely to be dissipated over people and incidents which later on would be found to have little to do with the real subject of the play. Mr. Murray's construction, on the other hand, was almost faultless—the play's chief failing, perhaps, is its tendency to be a little verbose—but the play marches straight on without a deviation, it never changes its mind as to what it wants to interest you in, and we finally decided that it better deserved the prize than 'Lord Adrian'."

An exhibition was held jointly under the auspices of Aonach Tailteann and the Horse Show. Unfortunately it was little more representative of Irish Art as a whole than the annual exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy. The dead were not represented, and among the living the work of such men as Jack B. Yeats was absent. On such an occasion as this one would have imagined it possible to get together examples of the work of all the well-known living Irish artists, and at any rate some of the work of the past. Lack of funds may in part explain this inadequacy. There were in all 1596 exhibits, of which about one half were entered for the various competitions.

The pictures numbered 280. Many of them had been on show at previous exhibitions in Dublin. Most of the familiar names were on the catalogue, Sir John Lavery, Paul Henry, Charles Lamb, William Conor and all the Hyperborean host.

I saw there a striking picture which has reposed unknown for some years on the walls of the United Arts Club, "The Musician", by Mr. Dermod O'Brien, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy. As a rule I find his very 'pastoral' landscapes on the grand scale and portraits of respectable citizens rather uninteresting, but there was an arresting beauty in this portrait of a slender wistful boy at the piano. There are delicate tones of rare beauty in this picture, and the melancholy eyes of the boy are startling in their poignancy.

The modern tendencies in painting are displayed with some success by Miss Jellett, and also by two large decorative paintings of considerable power, "Dance of Life", and "Dance of Death" by H. A. Kernoff. I have not seen any other work by this artist, but I am told that he is a Dublin cabinet-maker. A very beautiful nude by Mrs. Margaret Clarke was one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition.

Sir John Lavery acted as judge in the competitions. He awarded the trophy to Sean Keating for his "Homage to Hugh Lane", which I, in my ignorance, should have said was by far the worst of the several paintings Keating exhibited, and, apart from mere technical excellence, one of the least interesting pictures in the exhibition. The award aroused an amount of dissension, and was, I think, with one exception, the only questioned decision in all the vast range of artistic, literary, musical and athletic competitions. The bronze medal went to Patrick Tuohy for his excellent portrait of Simon Joyce, to my mind easily the best thing there. The silver medal for figure-studies went to Charles Lamb, the bronze to Mrs. Margaret Clarke.

Apart from the pictures there was a vast assortment of such varied wares as pottery, brass, pewter and copper work, silver and gold work, jewellery, enamels, painted furniture, cabinet-making, wood-carving, hand-tufted carpets, decorative hand-woven fabrics, embroidery, lace, leather-work, decorative engravings and lithography, book-binding, musical instruments, toys.

This section was particularly disappointing, for in some of these crafts—notably lace, copper work and hand-woven fabrics—the Irish excel. Many of the exhibits showed great

technical skill, but a feeling for beauty in form or colour, or any idea of unity in design were lacking in most of these things. The redeeming feature of this part of the exhibition was the stained glass of Miss Sarah Purser and Harry Clarke. I doubt whether there is made in any other part of the world today more beautiful stained glass than comes out of the studio of Harry Clarke. To find such richness of mellow colouring one must go to the windows of mediaeval churches.

In addition to the actual athletic and musical contests which took place during Aonach Tailteann, a most determined effort was made to amuse the visitors, ranging from garden parties and fireworks to sham battles between aeroplanes. The Abbey Theatre presented a most interesting and varied programme. Among the plays staged in that fortnight were "The Well of the Saints" and "Riders to the Sea" (Synge), "Kathleen ni Houlihan" (Yeats), "The Grasshopper" (Padraic Colum), "The Workhouse Ward" (Lady Gregory), "The Whiteheaded Boy", and "Never the Time and the Place" (Lennox Robinson), "The Shadow of a Gunman" (Sean O'Casey) and "The Glorious Uncertainty" (Brinsley Macnamara). The Drama League presented the "Henry IV" of Pirandello, at the Abbey Theatre. At the Olympia we had a fortnight of Irish revue, "Dublin Tonight" and "Next Stop, Dublin" by John Mc Donogh. The Queen's Theatre, which is self-styled "the home of melodrama" obliged us with "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Knocknagow", while the Tivoli gave us a fortnight of Irish variety. Even two of the picture palaces, making a gallant effort to be patriotic, 'featured' "Anna Christie" and "My Wild Irish Rose".

Three operas and what was described as "a vision-play" were produced at the Theatre Royal. It was a little difficult to judge of the musical merits of the operas, as few of the caste were accustomed to singing with a large orchestra, and they had very few rehearsals. Under these circumstances they acquitted themselves passably well. The operas produced were "Shamus O'Brien", "Shaun the Post" and "Sruth na Maoile". Apart from their musical qualities the great fault I have to find with the first two of these operas, is, that they revive that mythical monster the stage-Irishman, whom we thought to have been slain long since by the Abbey Theatre. The score of "Shamus O'Brien" was written by Sir Charles Stanford, and the opera was first produced in London, in 1896. It ran for about five years in England, Ireland and the United States, and was, I believe very popular.

The music of "Shaun the Post", by Mr. Harold White, is better. It is not characteristically Irish, nor is it extraor-

dinarily good, but it is quite as good as some of the lesser stock pieces in the repertoire of English opera companies. If the opera were "cut" judiciously it would be worth producing.

The third opera, "Sruth na Maoile", is the work of a little-known but very talented Irish composer, Mr. Geoffrey Molyneux Palmer. Both in score and libretto it is immeasureably superior to "Shamus O'Brien", or "Shaun the Post". Here there are no stage-Irishmen. they cannot be translated into the vernacular. Mr. Palmer's score, introducing some of the most beautiful of the traditional Irish airs, is quite modern in its treatment. It includes some very effective writing for the harp. The orchestration is full of colour, dignified and melodous. The musical setting is symphonic, but gives occasionally an effective solo, while an important element is the beautiful part-writing for female voices. I wonder if the fact that the book is in Gaelic will preclude the production of this very beautiful work outside Ireland?

The "Vision Play of Queen Tailte" is a series of tableaux with incidental music. Miss Elizabeth Young recites the story of the Queen, written by Major Anthony Lawlor, to the accompaniement of the cantora, Mr. M. J. Dolan, and Mr. F. J. McCormac. After each of the six narrations comes an aisling or vision depicting the incident described. Nothing is spoken during the aisling, which tells its story by rhythmical movements to the accompaniement of music. The music was written by five Irish composers, Mr. T. H. Weaving, Dr. George Hewson, Dr. Larchet, Mr. Vincent O'Brien, and Mr. Brendan Rodgers. Dr. George Hewson supplied the overture, very fine in texture and appeal, and the impressive music in the seventh scene, where the "culture of the past awakens Ireland". Mr. T. H. Weaving has written to the second, fourth and fifth visions. The music of the fourth vision "quotes" from Dr. Louis O'Brien's setting of the Prize Ode, after the fashion of leit motif, with a distinctive march theme. This scene is especially effective. Mr. Vincent O'Brien treats the "Coming of the "Tuatha de Danaan" with Valkyrie spirit round an old Irish air.

Geoffrey Coulter.

II

PARIS LETTER : EDITORIAL

Paris, Autumn.

The genius of Anatole France cannot be dealt with in the three or four hours that remain to us between hearing the news of his death and our going to press. The loss to France is great ; the loss to the world outside France is immeasurably greater. He carried clearness of expression to a point beyond which it has hitherto proved impossible to go, to a point beyond which no man will perhaps ever go. To France today the necessity for that clarity of thought and phrase which has distinguished her since the eighteenth century seems no longer imperative. The hard exigencies of these times call here for efforts of a blind constructiveness of which the analytic spirit is the envenomed enemy — and few men contributed more than France himself to his own final isolation from the spirit of his later times. For, in destroying, in discrediting by means of his clarities, the men of rule of thumb action who stood against Dreyfuss, Anatole France paved the way for generations of men of action almost more rule of thumb in mind but vastly more efficient. It was as if he cut down Esterhazy of the imbecile borderau to make way for Maurice Barres and his propaganda that has proved so vastly more dangerous to all that for which Anatole France stood.

But to the rest of a world not swayed by the necessities of France Anatole France has stood during a generation, for clearness of expression, so that whether you live in Serbia or in Seattle or in any region in between, the moment you think of Anatole France you try to clarify your thought and to purify your language into a means of exact expression. That is a very great achievement : it will perhaps in course of time stand out as the greatest achievement that the world has ever seen. And without doubt, in France itself, when the pain caused by the dialectics of the Master has died away from happier times, the dialectics themselves will die away in the memory or will remain as models of unsurpassed argumentativeness. Then his works of pure art from *Histoire Comique* back to *Sylvestre Bonnard* will once more take rank amongst all the glories of France.

Clarity of expression, to flourish, must in fact find no hard times : in short intervals between great labours or inclemencies

the mind will not function very well: Christianity is a product of dark and perilous ages; with its classic beauties Paganism was the fruit of a not too populated world. So that it has been said that the young French writer of today in assimilating the aspect of French more to that of English is, thus remotely, expressing the sense of the insecurity of his land. The push of the Northern races through France towards the Mediterranean has perhaps always been constant as a force but probably not for a thousand years has it been so visibly threatening and present to the mind.

If you had said to Voltaire or to Fontenelle that to lie across the easy road from the Rhine to the Medit erranean was the cause of the direst peril to France they would have regarded you as a maniac: if you had said it to Napoleon III who was a dreamer he would have laughed too but at the back of his skull would have been the cloud of doubt. To every one today the fact is evident so we must hide it from ourselves in the indefinitenesses of words whilst we labour on the whole despairingly... That is what the French Jeunes said, in effect, to Anatole France during the last years of his life. Anatole France, on the other hand, reaching back to the French gardens in which walked Voltaire and Fontenelle continued to consider rather their problems than ours.

This is not to say that he was wrong, any more than to say that he was right, since in these matters there can be only expediency. The flying gold coins of autumn are blown all across the thin autumn mists of Paris and beneath them hurrying more briskly along the boulevards Lutece buries her chin in sables and thinks of fifoclock. We are at home again — to callers and to the impressions of after dark illuminants: it grows more and more impossible to go from point to point by the shortest way, fragments of *all* the streets being up. So, going from the Right bank to the Left we zigzag Futuristically. It is impossible to think clearly if you have to go from the Madeleine to the Pantheon by way of the Champ de Mars with a divagation to the Place de la Republique. You have the bewilderment of those in the maze at Hampton Court.

No clear-thinking people would suffer these fragmentary repairs. Outside this office ten square yards are up so we cannot get to it except by back ways; in the Boulevard St Michel about two table-cloths of the roadway have been up for nearly two months, so for two months we have had to go home round the Cluny Museum, across to the Odeon and then on foot across the Luxembourg Gardens, walking finally on planks over the wet cement of about ten yards of the Boulevard St Michel again, a quarter of a mile higher up. It becomes a feat in mental gymnastics to get home at all or ever to go out.

As for going to the Grands Boulevards where the tender autumn plays are beginning to appear through the winking boskage... That is a whole nervous breakdown!

So Paris, you say, must be very much like London, the thought unclear, the roads all up at the height of the season, the plays not worth the effort... But, oh friend, No!... These things are so very relative... If you stand at midnight outside the Bal Bullier you see across the vast plain of completely-by-roadmenders-devastated asphalte the statue of Marshal Ney his sword raised, his side-whiskers rigid, his shaven mouth open. You can hear the very shout of the best cinematographic statue in France... And across him at the bottom of his mess-waistcoat will go a thin wreath of mist... There will be three other little wreaths of mist round three lamps in that great space... But think of standing in Trafalgar Square right up against the plinth of poor dear General Gordon whom Gladstone did or did not murder, Queen Victoria never forgiving him... Why you will not be able to see the hand in front of your face... Or think of reading a leader in our dear old friend the .... ; or a humourous article in... ; or talking to... ; or... (It is here that editing comes in)... Why, if you ran up against and then recoiled as far as Mars from any one sentence in *Sur la Pierre Blanche* you would not get to *them*.

The Affaire Gilbert Murray seems to have resolved itself into the normal political manoeuver of the for the moment present British Government in all its dealing with France. Vowing that he will never consent to anything that France desires Mr. Macdonald consents to everything asked for. Then he breathes fire, fury and deathless insults against his confreres across the Channel — this to satisfy his extreme left wing. It no doubt satisfies French politicians since they get what they want. But it seems a queer way of going about things. However, the fate of the Macdonald Government is at the moment in the balance and we may leave the matter there.

We are privileged to print some passages from Mr Havelock Ellis's new book in our present number. We provide our readers also with a substantial instalment of the best regular verse on the lines of English classical models that we have been able to find. Regular verse is obviously little in our line but Mr Cheevor Dunning's is so consummate that we cannot refrain from paying this tribute to his skill as well as what is implied by the publication.

We have said a great many times in these columns that we are here not solely to advocate or to give publicity to work of one particular school. It seems to be necessary once more to repeat this. We attempt to present, as far as our strength will bear us up, any work of any type that is good of its type.

Obviously our sympathies are with newer sincerities so that the newer sincerities offer themselves more frequently than the older consummatenesses for our publication. That is really all that there is to it. A fragment of corrupted Latin remains from schoolboy days in our ears... *Quicquid agunt opueri nostri farrag libelli...* That we try to answer.

We may as well here make another note as to the disposition of certain portions of this reviews. Our *Communications* are communications that reach us from various sources; if critical or abusive of ourselves we print them for such interest as they arouse. Under *Communications* we also print eulogies or expositions of living writers. This is because the review is not a critical organ, our main purpose being to present the reader with works of art. With works of art of sincerity or freshness of method. To that we subordinate anything else. Secondarily we chronicle the productions of works of art of sincerity and freshness in three countries regularly, in others on occasion, but with no definite rule. Thus Mr Coulter's Dublin letter seeming to us to be not only admirable but also extremely instructive about a country in which the whole world is interested but which to all intents and purpose is as closed up as Prester John's Land, we again suppress London. These Chronicles we "edit" only when attacks in them are made on countries to which their writers do not belong. As far as we are concerned any American may here attack America. any Englishman England or any Frenchman France. But if we find any ill-natured reference, say to France, by a Briton we just cut it out The most ferocious of our correspondents having for instance this month made a quite gratuitous attack on one innocent and trusting nation we have excised that paragraph. Next month another hand may be writing these notes... On the other hand, last month a brilliant French writer having poked fun at that exclusively American institution a liquorless, a-dactylographic and monochrome Elysium we find it unnecessary to restrain the ardours of an United States Nimrod who, javelin raised, rushes in to knock spots off that exclusively French institution the wild-boarless wild boar hunt.

We wish we could reconcile it with our conscience to excise the paragraphs in which our chroniclers make attacks upon individuals. Thus two months or so ago one of these gentlemen made an attack on Mr T. S. Eliot : he stated, that is to say, that he desired to grind Mr T. S. Eliot into fine powder to be sprinkled on the shrine of another writer. We hesitated for a long time over the ethics of the matter, deciding in the end that our standards must prevail. We had invited that writer to write, we had indicated no limits to his blood thirstynesses : our hands fell powerless to our sides. We were besides convinced that Mr Eliot would not mind. He does not. We take the opportunity of expressing for the tenth time our admiration for Mr Eliot's poetry.

If our sub-editors permit it the end of the first part of *Some do Not* will appear in this number after which we do not propose to continue the publication. This work has by now appeared in book form both in England and America and to continue its serialisation would appear to be a work of what used to be called supererogation. Those readers who thirst to read the book will probably buy a copy or at any rate will procure one from a library. Those who will not take so much trouble can hardly want very much to read the book or will prefer to read something else in these pages. There will remain however such subsribers as feel aggrieved at not being able to read the book to the end in the pages of their favourite periodical. The dilemma thus for us set up would appear to be solvable equitably as follows : To such subscribers as will forward us to the Paris office their subscriptions for next year we—this editor—will send at once a copy of the book in question, leaving it to the applicant's conscience to decide whether they really do want to read it. If they do not they should not ask for it since we shall have to put our hands into our own pockets to pay for it.

We feel however so profoundly that every educated reader should be able to judge from a page or two the nature of a book or the calibre of a writer that we do not propose to repeat the offer. It has been our settled policy from the first to print fragments from work in progress almost in preference to complete works and we see no need to change our policy. It is one which is of advantage to writers and of service to readers : it enables us to call attention to many more writers than we could otherwise find space for and it indicates to readers more efficiently than any reviewing could do what writers we think it worth their while to follow. Thus we ask readers to take notice that the appearance of the first chapters of a novel in these pages is no indication at all that its publication will be persevered in to the bitter end.

Our business manager asks us to state that he will be obliged if old subscribers intending to renew their subscriptions after the next number or new subscribers intending to come in with the turn of the year will indicate their intentions to the Paris office. This review has to go press so far ahead of publication that any indication of the number that it will be necessary to print is of very great service to the review and the trouble of sending a postcard is not very great to a reader. Readers that desire to receive copies of *Some do Not* as well as the review must however forward cheques with their orders.

We have handed the editing of the Musical Supplement of this number of the review over to Mr Pound. His devotion to that Art and contempt for our management of such Supplements of this review as have appeared have been so great and so vociferous that we have not been able to see what else to do.

III.

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

Paris, Autumn.

THE CHINESE BAR, rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine.

We had tasted the last kumquat on the vermilion lacquer tray.
In our fingers were lychée nuts like polished ivory toys.
In our subsiding stomachs were bamboo sprouts—
Po Chu-i described bamboo sprouts
in the eighth century.
Lyric of pale Souchong
precipitated
the smell of decomposition
and sweating citrine flesh.
In the chaos of the spirit
was pertubation,
for the Chinese restaurant
in which we had dined
was orientalized by the Galleries Lafayette.
And in our ears
moon guitars
and the limpid purity
of a stricken flute
had uttered Mistinguette's
J'en Ai Marre.
Although we ourselves
had chosen to play Jacquet
instead of Mah Jong.

HARCOURT, boulevard Saint-Michel.

Where Edmund Gosse
sat
with Moréas
to discover that Verlaine
resembled a Chinese,
and Peter Whiffle's biographer
recaptured
that first-night-Carl,
in this café—
which no one except Leonard Merrick
pronounces on the "Boule Mich"—
clerks
who bend all day
over button counters
now sit
to play at night
at being medical students.
Do not pity them.
Theirs is no innocuous quest
of literature.

JUAN GRIS

Juan Gris is gris.
Not in canvas is obscurity.
In
crome zaffer cubed-vert is no grisaille.
above.
Cadmium bice chrysophrase
In
c u
after Cezanne is colour.
b e
In
Gris is gris is no shadow.
In
rimming border is no permanent jet.

Kate Buss,
(Medford, Mass.)

COMMUNICATIONS

I.

THE FRENCH WILD BOAR

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.

Dear Sir,

The other day I saw a genuine wild boar, hair, skin, teeth, tail and all hung head downward in front of a little butcher's shop in one of the short streets which runs into l'Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris. I stopped and examined this boar closely and in detail. I was thinking of the first time I'd seen a wild boar in the local geography at Great Bend, Kansas. A good tough looking beast. He was ugly enough to look romantic and my childish fancy conceived the idea of going to France someday to engage in the stately sport of pig-sticking with handsome gentlemen and grand ladies like... well, like those Dumas wrote about.

Many years later I found myself in Auxonne, a small town in the Côte d'Or, visiting French friends, not the handsome ladies and gentlemen I had dreamed of but good honest folk for all that. One evening while we were seated at table I had a curious idea. Perhaps the gaiety of the company inspired it or perhaps the good old wine of Burgundy augmented my courage. However that is, I made it rather too boisterously plain that my happiness depended upon a wild boar hunt. This was a grave mistake... I said, "Wild Boar *Hunt*?".

Knowing looks were exchanged all round the table but I took no notice at the time.

"Good," said M. Faivre, my host. "We'll get Bizot and Bizot's brother and we'll start off at five o'clock tomorrow morning. The morning is the time to hunt a wild boar."

I went to bed that night rather pleased with myself and rather exhilarated by the thought of actually hunting a wild

boar. It was not until I was just on the point of going to sleep that I had a slight qualm of misgiving. Boar hunting is a dangerous sport, I thought.

The next morning I was up at five oclock. I found myself with almost no enthusiasm for the day's sport. Five oclock in the morning is no time for a man to think back and remember what a tough looking beast a boar really is. But I, like other Americans, was not to be outdone by a Frenchman or any one else for that matter. My French friends were nowhere to be found. M. Faivre had disappeared. Nine o'clock came and still no hunters. Finally at eleven o'clock they came in a rush wheeling bicycles and apparently in a great state of excitement. I thought for a moment that they had, perhaps, cornered a boar and had come to ask me to deliver the final stroke. No such thing, they were merely preparing to start.

At twelve oclock sharp, believe it or not, we started. We were all mounted on rusty bicycles, M. Faivre, Bizot and I. Bizot's brother was to be picked up along the road somewhere. I had not ridden a bicycle for ten years and I was not at all sure that I could keep the thing in the road. M. Faivre and Bizot started off going as fast as possible... I following as fast as possible. Directly I began to perspire, to grow red in the face and to show all the obvious signs of distress the fun began. M. Faivre and Bizot apparently thought my attention should be distracted from the business of riding. They began to do all manner of tricks. They would rush ahead, push each other and fall into the ditch alongside the road with shouts of laughter. If it hadn't been for that damned bicycle I should have enjoyed the whole thing immensely. Finally after seven miles of this entertainment we arrived at the primitive village of Flammaurons, population ninety three inhabitants.

I don't know how I ever managed the seven miles. I can never remember clearly. If you fat ones ever want a means of reducing with results guaranteed... try a rusty bicycle in the foothills of the Jura mountains.

There was not a firearm in the party. I began to wonder if we were to really engage in the ancient sport of pig-sticking. But, the devil, I thought, we've got no sticking instruments either and a man surely cannot stick a wild boar with a pocket knife. You can see that I had constantly in mind the fierce aspect of a boar.

We had arrived in Flammaurons just at the noonday apéritif hour, the hour when all male France goes to the café for an appetizer. We went into a small café and found the mayor and almost everybody of importance. The oldest inhabitant upon learning that I was an American drew himself up and told me that I was the first man from that noble country across the sea who had ever given himself the honor to visit the distinguished town of Flammaurons. Now there are, perhaps,

many Americans who can speak restaurant French. There may be some who can speak drawing room French and still others who can make a Paris taxi driver understand; but I want to see the American who can talk politics and discuss the Ruhr situation satisfactorily with a group of excited French villagers after having ridden seven miles on a rusty bicycle.

M. Faivre, Bizot and I took a table and began to drink, in accompaniment to a rapid fire discussion of world politics. After a time everybody decided that everybody was a fool as near as I could tell. This I was given to understand was the true preparation, the natural precaution for a man to take before he could possibly venture to go after a wild boar. Two hours were spent in this way and the proper amount of wine was consumed, I believe. Then we went to a very old house where a kindly old lady had prepared lunch for us. This was Madame Bizot and here we found Bizot's brother wearing sabots. He looked as little like a boar hunter as anyone I've ever seen. The home of the Bizots is a rare thing. It is a rather large cottage made of stone. It has only one room. In this room were, among other things, a fireplace, a table, a bed, dog kennels (with dogs in them) chicken roosts, pigeon roosts, a work bench, several large piles of firewood and above all this, the hayloft. Just in the center of the room was the table spread with food. It was delicious. After the meal M. Faivre and the Bizots again fortified themselves with spirits. I was none too easy in my mind about these wild boar anyway but this prodigious preparation began to wear on my nerves to such an extent that I decided to climb a tree at the first moment we sighted a boar.

At three o'clock the guns were taken from where they hung on wooden pegs over the fireplace. Our party then reeled out. It was not able to walk naturally anymore. I had always had an idea that a man should have a good steady hand to shoot a wild boar. We stopped at every house along the way and borrowed a dog until six or seven long eared boarhounds followed along with us. I think they were boar hounds?

When we got into the woods Bizot gave me a very old and rusty fowling piece and said, "Voilà." Three minutes later he was asleep under a tree and in no less time than is occupied in writing these words M. Faivre had joined him. Two boar hunters accounted for. Fortunately the remaining Bizot was a hunter. Perhaps he was only polite. There is no way to tell.

We put out the dogs, walked after them as hunters do. Bizot remarked cheerfully that there was not much chance of finding a boar.

"The dogs can't get the scent now," he said, "Boars require to be hunted in the morning early. The dogs can find the tracks in the dew then."

I listened with only half an ear to these words. I was seriously

occupied with my ancient fowling piece which had a really disconcerting habit of falling open at the breach without the slightest warning. Twice the thing slipped open and the shells dropped out so that I lost some time looking for them among the leaves. The situation was serious. I was afraid of both the boar and the gun.

"Bien," says Bizot, growing more cheerful at every step. "I don't think we will find a boar today. It is a shame and a thousand pities we did not come early this morning. A man is likely to find a boar then sure enough."

The hunt progressed famously. It was entirely undisturbed by any signs of game. Bizot would remark after every fifty yards of walking that of a certainty boars should be hunted in the morning... early.

After an hour and a half of this singular amusement we decided to return home. Just at that moment Bizot saw a crow sitting on its nest in a tall tree.

"Alors," says Bizot trembling with suppressed emotion. "You go up carefully and perhaps you can get the crow."

I went up carefully as directed and the crow sat calmly on the nest. Bizot unable to wait fired at the crow... It stood up in a rather bored fashion, shook itself and sailed away. Then I completely forgot myself... rusty fowling piece and all. I fired and killed the crow.

"Name of a dog," says Bizot in amazement. Then he burst into a roar of rapid French words all which I took to mean that I had made a good shot, a great coup to be sure.

Bizot fondly took the crow and carried it back to town where it hung for several days in the market place for every one to see. If you go back to that town even today you will hear stories of how a man killed a crow on the wing.

The writer will give a handsome present to anyone who will tell him how a man could manage to go boar hunting in Flammaurons, early in the morning.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

Krebs Friend.

II

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.

Dear Sir,

As to the "Strawinsky straight" : I have been informed by ALL the papers in London that my music is an exact copy of Debussy. If you don't believe it drop around, and I'll show you the critiques. I take it Debussy is all the further they know in London (that is, very well) and Strawinsky is all the further they know in Paris. With the different cities I play in the composers I imitate vary.

However I have heard the same thing from Arthur Moss, Rovinski, Gilbert Seldes, and Dudley Murphy, all of whom know absolutely nothing whatsoever about music, but are well up in the artistic life of Paris and know what's what. Murphy heard Strawinsky for the first time a few months ago... and *discovered* him... then.

The rest haven't ventured to say anything EXCEPT those who really know Strawinsky.

And so there you are,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

George Antheil.

III

PARIS FASHIONS

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review

Dear Sir.

You wish to encourage young practitioners of the arts, Dress really is an art and any marked success in this sort of thing ought to be taken notice of.

Society is hurrying back to town. In the Montparnasse Quarter studios are being opened for the season, every hall bedroom is taken and the exclusive cafés are the scene of continual social activity. Here is found the first hint of what winter styles will be.

One of the most colorful modes of the season was brought over from England by Mr. Morris, the very successful English painter. A flame colored shirt of rich cotton material, worn in the daytime with a black silk necktie it is very effective as an evening shirt worn without the tie and open at the neck.

An original touch that drips with Personality is an orange silk handkerchief repeating the tone of stripes in socks and in tie, if any. It should be worn with the Alice blue suit put in vogue last summer by Mr. Vail, the popular young American writer and playwright. This color which made its first appearance in linen is being repeated in the best materials for winter.

The season's color note is again charmingly carried out by Mr. Huddleston, the English journalist and author in his Legion of Honor button which has just been cleaned.

There is a wide difference of opinion in regard to materials to be worn this winter. Black velvet which was made fashionable by Mr. Pound, the musician and chess player, is taken up by many for business dress. Very smart for afternoon and evening is a corduroy suit with trousers flaring and coat cut very full. This is preferred with a heavy wool sweater for afternoon affairs but a coat is usually worn with evening dress. A new material for shirts is being favored by the Younger Set. It needs almost no washing. It looks a good deal like flannel. Cotton, linen or silk are usually held in reserve, however, by the really Well Dressed Man.

One of the most original and striking costumes noticed this season was worn by Mr. Stearns, American writer, economist, amateur biologist and race fan, at a small party of the Elite at a certain Bar. It was a pepper-and-salt suit with creased trousers, soft white shirt, black Oxfords, shined, and a pearl gray felt hat. A necktie of submarine blue was worn with this.

Colored silk scarfs are still in high favor. Combined with a clever arrangement of back hair or beard according to individual taste they virtually do away with the white collar, once considered chic. Beards are being worn from one to five hundred millimeters off the face.

A move has been made to abolish headgear among Fashionable Men. Hats are expensive and easily mislaid, they interfere with the growth of the hair and of the man who must be always lifting them up and putting them down. But there are many who would be sorry to see so picturesque a detail of the masculine attire banished from the scene.

While the discussion goes on some smart dressers are following the lead of Mr. Hemingway, the young American writer and mateodor, who favors the beret for general use in literary circles and bull rings although he has several other hats. The broad brimmed felt has been adopted by Mr. Ford, the English novelist, essayist and poet and has been one of the sensations of the early autumn styles. To abolish this would be nothing less than criminal. Another distinctive headpiece to appear is a derby. This almost obsolete style has been revived by the Quarter's well known banker.

Woman's dress on the Left Bank follows the usual severe lines. White vests are being much worn with full evening dress. The monocle is sponsored by certain Personages for feminine wear but has not yet been generally taken up. Cigarette holders are being worn several inches longer than in the summer and earrings show a similar tendency.

I am
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
M. R.

P.S. Mr. Mc Almon, the publisher, has just arrived with a hibred hat such as is now worn on the parade at Eastbourne (obtainable of Messrs. Nixon & Simons of Duke's Avenue). It is designed along the lines of the cap of mercury and carried out in brown felt. Those who plan to visit English south coast watering places should provide themselves with this interesting variation of autumn styles.

transatlantic review.

MUSICAL SUPPLEMENT

FANELLI

A young composer can only show his strength by the calibre of his musical ideas. A young composer, if he has any guts in him, will tackle the *last* greatest, and not some great composer away back, or middling back. He will appropriate all of the mechanical improvements that this last greatest composer has made... wholesale... and then destroy him... if he can. He won't bother with any of the great composers further back because he won't have time to try to build all over again the same propositions—the same formulas that have brought music where it was when it came to his hands. He won't have time... that's all! The people who try to do so are to his mind fools, and instance over instance has proven this to be true. Young Beethoven stepped right in the middle of Mozart... and robbed him... wholesale! But he was a giant... and a *musician* instead of a charlatan. Mozart didn't swamp him... he swamped Mozart... destroyed him for his own ends. Beethoven could use the tools of giants and improve them for his own uses. That was more than any of the rest of them could do... although all of the composers of that day were apeing Mozart either openly or secretly... and when they couldn't do it... they just said oh! they didn't want to do it anyway. To hear them tell it, you would think that they could if they wanted to... but they would rather be original. And so they were. And so we don't hear of them.

Things haven't changed a bit today. For instance at the age of twenty-two Strawinsky was writing hopeless Moskowski-like piano etudes and a maudling symphony which he ought to have burnt long ago. Later the orchestration and rhythmic experiments of Rimsky Korsakoff touched him off, as well as Debussy's intimate sense of rhythm-bound harmony. Strawinsky, in his "Firebird" immediately became the best Debussy-ized Rimsky-Korsakoff possible. It didn't matter... a musical giant was slumbering in him, but to Strawinsky it must have seemed idiotic to have begun with any greater handicap. Had he gone further back he must have surely become discouraged and half-hearted, (as so many young men are today who have made the mistake of admiring Ravel overmuch some years ago and as he already was in danger of becoming with the

symphony). The spirit and elan of creating new things is half the battle. However, Strawinsky was too great a musician to do things for the sake of newness. Everything had to have a reason ... it had to go... function... operate. And so does all good and great music.

The attribute of all great music is that it moves itself on its own wheels and on its own momentum. Fanelli discovered the nuclei of a new motion, but he failed to discover that motion itself.

That is the reason I am uncertain about Fanelli. One of the greatest inventors and musical iconoclasts of all time he certainly is, and certainly should be given credit for. I am pretty sure that Debussy would be glad partly to surrender the title of "iconoclast" to Fanelli, and rightly... and to retain (again rightly) the more honored title of "composer". I have spent hour after hour over the manuscripts of Fanelli, and have been amazed to see the most progressive technical inventions... there is among other things a quintette that is breath-taking in the way it predestines the Strawinsky octuor. But even as there is a genius for invention there is a lack of adequate draughmanship... it seems as if his very inventions of new tonalities had thrown him. Still he invented musical impressionism, and that has had far reaching results In Fanelli there lodged the germ of something that was to explode Wagner, Liszt, the whole school of Italian opera... even as it will eventually destroy the German school of Schönberg... although Strawinsky will be the actual tool of destruction. For without Fanelli... no Debussy .. without Debussy... no Strawinsky. And that is a pretty strong germ for such a gigantic explosion. Fanelli began writing away back in 1883.

I want to give a definite idea, if I can, of iconoclasm ; at least in writing music. Fanelli allows me to illustrate this today.

The "super" and "hyper" is for the most part completely harmless, good *old* discorded-up music. These mediocrites, who want to be original, have to have some kind of a rhythm they can handle. The harmony they can figure out by mathematics... or if it gets discordant enough, they can fake it. In America it is disguised in mathematics, ultra-modern names, and the talk and propaganda of critics who are equally interested and enthusiastic about other music in Europe which we definitely know to be bad, so for the future their ideas don't count for much. I bewail the lack of discrimination. Musical politics may need to be played, but it is certainly senseless that because a man is a good fellow, it necessarily follows that he is a good composer. Neither does it follow that a man who conceives the original idea of orchestrating a symphony about streets... for cobblestones... is a great composer! He may be a great inventor... but, begging your pardon... composition is... *an art*.

Iconoclasm can also be an art. It is better for it to be an art than a game.

So I take off my hat to Fanelli. I find in him the nuclei of explosions, past and future... his music should be known, printed, played, investigated. There must be a power in it, hidden, I admit, from me, otherwise it would not have powerfully influenced one of our very greatest of composerrs. Debussy. I also find in it, here and there, the very last Strawinsky.

On the other hand I admit that it often seems to me wandering, to go off into obscure moods and apparently die there ; the music does not seem to have a definite musical idea, it is even more impressionistic than Debussy... this sort of music does not appeal to me. I like definiteness and conciseness... at least in music.

So it remains for somebody else to look up the Fanelli manuscripts. There are piles and reams of them.

George Antheil.

THE UNPUBLISHED WORK OF FANELLI

The problem of Fanelli, the neglect of him, and its causes, is too complicated for me to go into. It seems established that Debusy was perfectly well aware of Fanelli's work and had had access to the manuscripts. A beau geste would—so far as we can see—have cost him little and been worth a good deal to his posthumous reputation. But then, Debussy himself was in no very strong position in French musical *politics* ; a word from Debussy might have got Fanelli talked about before 1912, but would it have secured him performance?

The recognition of the Tableaux Symphoniques, written in 1882, 1883, and 1886 came promptly on their performance in 1912. Their novelty was, let us say, less striking after this thirty years' wait.

Fanelli had begun composing in 1872. From 1894 to 1912 he wrote nothing. That is to say there were twenty two years of composition, followed by eighteen years of non-activity. He was playing tympani at the opera, and the piano at Armenonville. One evening Debussy entered this latter restaurant with a couple of "duchesses" ; Fanelli began to introduce "curious modern harmonies" into the dance and dinner music. Monsieur Debussy went out. He was a man ever modest. Or let us grant that the position was difficult.

Three of the Tableaux Symphoniques were presented at the Concerts Colonne on March 17th, 1912. I am informed that the performance was followed by about five hundred critical articles and notices. *Le Monde Musical* printed fac simile pages of Fanelli's orchestral score ; and analyses of his structure. We suppose something more might have happened if the war hadn't intervened in 1914 (i.e. two years later).

The Tableaux Symphoniques were published. The piano reduction of the first part of the Tableaux (Thèbes) was published (by Max Eschig, Paris 1912). One song (La Vierge de Prompt Secours) was published. The First "Humoresque"

for clarinette and piano was published. But the object of this note is to record Fanelli's *unpublished* work, as follows:

THIRTY-TWO songs, dated from (details on application)	1880 to 1892
Souvenirs de Jeunesse, piano	1872-78
Souvenirs poétiques	1872-78

ORCHESTRAL WORKS

Impressions Pastorales	1890
L'Âne, Quintette, arrangé en double quintette	1894
Suites Rabelaisiennes	1889
Carnaval	Août 1890
Marche Héroïque	Avril 1891
Au palais de l'Escorial	Mai 1890
Mascarade	1889
St. Preux à Clarens	1881
Une nuit chez Sophor (Piano, flûte, clarinettes, 2 violons, violoncelle, contrebasse).	Janvier 1891

Humoresques II.	Mars 1892
III.	1893
IV.	1894

Les deux Tonneaux. Opéra bouffe en 3 actes tiré de Voltaire	1879 (?)
Hérode, non terminé.	

The materiel d'orchestre of the Impressions Pastorales exists but has not yet been utilized.

Ezra Pound.

THE FORM

(ou "Je cherche un ami sérieux".)

The form

$d2 = a.dx2 + b\,dy2 + c.dz2 + f.dt2 + \ldots + 2g.dx.dy + \ldots$

is too indefinite, it is too complicated. It is uselessly and unnecessarily complicated. But there is no reason why some skilled mathematician should not offer us a form as simple as

$$d2 = dx2 + dy2 + dz2$$

Neither can one see any reason why the equations of a geometry applicable strictly and solely to the components of music should not be as suggestive, and ultimately as useful as the constructions of Euclid or Descartes.

For all I know, such a geometry may already exist, but I should be extremely grateful for enlightenment re its status and loci.

Musical form is perceivable by the senses; people have talked about musical form for centuries. It is amazing that the mathematicians have never attempted to carry their analysis of it beyond the arithmetical phase. Are they as conservative as MM. du Conservatoire?

E. P.

LONDON LETTER

In quest of the London communique I applied to that rare bird a musician resident in England. And received — verbally — : "Yes, I could write one letter, the first and the last, but you would be unable to print it."

Urging the matter further, I receved a personal note giving reasons for *not* writing a critical article on British music at this time. The editor and I are agreed that a mere statement that there is no music of any interest being given in London is not particularly worth printing ; even though the statement should be distended to cover several pages, and veiled in somewhat technical language. I offer a few phrases from the letter, bona fide of its existence.

Excerpts from the letter :

I can't imagine anyone now writing music here whose things are worth putting in the transat."

There follows a detailed list of composers mostly unknown on the continent. These it is therefore useless to insult.

Then follows a short list of imported continental concerts.

Then a statement that Mr Roland Hayes sang most beautifully at the Queens Hall, two groups of good songs old Italian and lieder, *but the rest was all Quilter*, etc."

Opera : "German and Swedish singers sang Wagner and Strauss ; I don't like Wagner and Strauss but the performances were good. Italian season : "French and Italian artists, excellent, *L'heure Espanol* perfectly done. Hislop in *Pagliacci*, sang and acted well, the only good English artist."

British National opera season "too awful". The communicator then expresses the view that *Othello* is the best Verdi and that *Pelleas* is enjoyable "but the British company was terrible, scene production, acting all awful, some of the voices were good, orchestra bad, and conducting poor."

"My impression is that there is no English music, the public grows less and less musical. I can't very well write that and couldn't write anything else. Perhaps Evans has a brighter view, and he is after all the most sensible of the critics, and so far as I know is not writing for any paper at present."

E. P.

JOSEPH CONRAD: A PORTRAIT

PART I.

C'EST TOI QUI DORS DANS L'OMBRE...

IV.

(continued)

There is something conductive to writing in low rooms, in a commonplace downland country, with nearly level fields that run into quiet convolutions, away to a distance. Let the direct lighting be modified by a barn, the illumination coming from the peak of the sky: let there be a quarter-deck walk up and down which Conrad may turn in his pyjamas and dressing gown occasionally getting relief from his thoughts in a glance at the quiet fields amongst which the writer will be practising golf strokes..... Well, in just such a room with a barn to block the direct light, with a miniature stockyard, in a commonplace downland country the writer—sits writing! And you dare to tell him that he cannot go out and, in the rain, catching his dangerous pony that swings round and kicks the inviting sieve of corn out of your hand, just missing your chest..... He cannot drive the seven miles to the Pent to ask Conrad what he thinks of Colonel Marchand and Fashoda!... You must surely be lying... Or you mean to tell him that in half an hour Conrad, in the dilapidated motor hired from the White Hart at Stamford won't be coming in to ask what we are to think of Fashoda and Colonel Marchand and what we shall do if there is really war with France..... We get the London papers only by the second post at 4.30 and do not as a rule look at them until tomorrow at breakfast time. But in these exciting times, with Colonel Marchand crossing the Sahara and hoisting the French flag in a position which Kitchener of Khartoum has stated to be the key-point of the British Empire in Africa and consequently on the road to India... And the French with their extraordinary 75 quick-firer field gun..... It all turns on what the Germans will do, the Russians having their hands full in the Far East.....

It was like that, when we were not discussing the desirability of the word *bleu-foncé* as an adjective to apply to cabbages in a field or when we were not moved to queer enthusiasms over the use of words by Christina Rossetti..... But if you tell me that

I cannot put in Tommy and drive through the rain to the candle-lit Pent—no Eau, Gaz, Electricité in *that* gentleman's residence—well, if you tell me that, I suppose you are right..... C'est le mur d'un silence éternel qui descend devant vous, mon vieux!... For the feeling, through a large part of a century, was for the writer very strong that Conrad was there who *might* be consulted about a difficulty—in politics, in the architecture of a story, over an English word, or about the French for 'Romance' for which there is no French!

The irresistible feeling that one had about him was that he was practical, that the last thing that he was was Slav. For the Slav, to be true Slav, must be as helpless before the vicissitudes of this world—as helpless as is a new-born kitten, a greyish sprawling object, mostly jelly. A sort of Dostoieffsky! If you asked Conrad how to circumvent a banker he would have an expedient. If you asked him whether Women ought to have a vote he would say : No : with decision. And then, remembering the part played by women in keeping alive the national feeling of his country, Poland, where all the men took to drunkenness or lechery or listlessness after the abortive revolution of 1862, he would say that the only creature that ought to be paid the compliment of having a vote, a thing always useless, was such a woman as his mother Mme. Kurzeniowski, or his aunt Mme. Paradowski, or any other woman! But, as his private expedient, he said to women in the words of the Mohammedan ranee of Palembang : "Why should you strive for domination during the day?..... Your dominion is of the night during which, with a whisper, you shall destroy empires!"

The dominant attraction of Conrad's mind was the firmness with which he held ideas after he had contemplated a sufficient number of facts or documents. He had had great experience of the life of normal men : his reading had been amazingly wide and his memory was amazingly retentive. Amazingly, even to the writer whose memory is sufficiently retentive and whose reading wide if desultory, Yet Conrad never presented any appearance of being a bookish, or even a reading man. He might have been anything else : you could have taken fifty guesses at his occupation from precisely ship's captain to say financier, but poet or even student would hever have been among them and he would have passed without observation in any crowd. He was frequently taken for a horse fancier. He liked that.

His ambition was to be taken for—to be—an English country gentleman of the time of Lord Palmerston. There might have been worse ambitions. To understand how a Pole, born in the government of Kiev, infinitely far from even the sea, should have desired to be that—and should have desired it with passion

—the reader must keep in mind two things if not three : one of them a vivid picture in the mind of the writer. During the last century if you went down to Tilbury Dock you would see families of Jewish-Polish emigrants landing. As soon as they landed they fell on their hands and knees and kissed the soil of the land of Liberty. For Conrad there was another side. As a child he lived in a great house in Poland : a great house with wide avenues and many lights at night. One night all the lights went out, the avenues were deserted : a sledge without bells came before the portico. A figure, cloaked and muffled to the hat rim came up the steps and was closeted for long with the master of the house. Then drove away over the snow. Conrad said he could imagine that he heard the voice of *l'or de la perfide Albion*, jingling in great bags as the sledge went away. For this was the emissary of Lord Palmerston, sowing gold all over Poland so that the Polish revolutionary spirits might be kept alive and Russia embarrassed in her encroachments on Pera or Afghanistan.

That was the England of Conrad's early vision : an immense power standing for liberty and hospitality for all refugees ; vigilant over a pax Britannica that embraced the world. With an all powerful navy she had an all-powerful purse. She was stable, reasonable, disciplined, her hierarchies standing in their orders, her classes settled, her Services capable and instinct with an adequate tradition. And ready to face Russia with fleet or purse when or wherever they should meet! The first English music hall song that Conrad heard was :

> We don't want to fight but, by Jingo if we do,
> We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too.
> We've fought the bear before and so we will again,
> The Russians shall not have Constantinople.....

A Pole of last century—and above all things Conrad was a Pole of last century—could ask nothing better.

And, above all things else as the writer has somewhere pointed out, Conrad was a politician. He loved the contemplation of humanity pulling away at the tangled skeins of parties or of alliances. Until, suddenly a strand gave, a position cleared up, a ministry was solidly formed, a dynasty emerged. He was, that is to say a student of politics, without prescription, without dogma, and, as a Papist, with a profound disbelief in the perfectibility of human institutions. The writer never saw Conrad read any book of memoirs except those of Maxime Ducamp, and those we read daily together over a space of years. But somewhere in the past Conrad had read every imaginable and unimaginable volume of politician's memoirs, Mme. de Campan, the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, Benjamin Constant, Karoline Bauer, Sir Horace Rumbold, Napoleon the Great, Napoleon III, Benjamin Franklin, Assheton Smith, Pitt, Chatham, Palmerston

Parnell, the late Queen Victoria, Dilke, Morley..... There was no memoir that he had missed or forgotten—down to *Il Principe* or the letters of Thomas Cromwell. He could suddenly produce an incident from the life of Lord Shaftesbury and work it into *Nostromo* : which was the political history of an imagined South American Republic. That was one of the secrets of his greatness.

But certainly he had no prescription. Revolutions were to him always anathema since, he was accustomed to declare, *all* revolutions always have been, always must be, nothing more in the end than palace intrigues : intrigues either for power within, or for the occupancy of, a palace. The journalist's bar in the palace of the Luxembourg where sits the present Senate of the Third Republic was once the bedchamber of Marie de Medicis. That is not to say that Conrad actively desired the restoration of the Bourbons: he would have preferred the journalists to remain where they were rather than have any revolution at all. All revolutions are an interruption of the processes of thought and of the discovery of a New Form... for the novel.

Indeed, almost the only revolution that he contemplated with enthusiasm was one by which a successful adventurer seized the reins of power. Anywhere! Some King Tom! It was not that his visions were Napoleonic. His favourite modern ruler was Louis Napoleon, Napoleon I being too big, too rhetorical, too portentous for any intimacy. We planned for many years, and even wrote one scene of, a historical novel dealing with first Empire figures. But the first Empire was gone ; the subject was the attempts made to save Ney from execution : the chapter shewed Louis XVIII a bewildered figure, forced to sleep and receive petitioners in a corridor between two doors, the Protocol providing lavish rooms for innumerable peers of France, lackeys and parasites, but none at all for God's anointed whose handkerchief was always dangling half way out of his hip pocket. That was how we—or rather how Conrad, for the writer never had any political views of any strength at all—regarded restored Legitimacy. Yet he was fit to throw the tea cups into the fire if you derided the doctrine of the divine right of kings.

No, on the whole his favourite political character was Louis Napoleon as Adventurer, and even Napoleon III Emperor of the French roused some of his admiration. He liked gilt Third Empire furniture, all other gilding, reviews, uniforms, la Montijo, mirrors, fraudulent financiers, the Duc de Morny, the Mexican adventure. He liked the mournful cynical sovereign surrounded by the crowd of adventurers, escrocs, rastaquoères and prostitutes in high places that brought down the Empire. He admired Napoleon III for his dream of a Latin Union which Conrad found practicable and to be desired. That was probably his

idea of humanity, a realm in which the solitary, cynical, not impracticable dreamer is brought down by his womankind, his relations, his servants, his hangerson, his household. He saw the same microcosm in the bankruptcy and ruin of a Court perfumer—or of the captain of a coastwise trading ship. He prized fidelity, especially to adventurers, above all human virtues and saw very little of it in this world.

His favourite political anecdote, that which he repeated the most often was of the Maire of the XIII Arrondissement who sent to Morny, then his half-brother's Minister and taking the waters at Spa, a telegram to the effect that the whole rue de la Glacière was in a state of insurrection. It ended : "Que faire ?" Morny replied..... But we are writing for Anglo-Saxons. This not very edifying anecdote was Conrad's favourite, but it is not to be taken as implying that Conrad's mind was unedified. It simply showed his contempt for the way in which human affairs are conducted. It was as if he said : All politicians are such fools that you might as well conduct the high businesses of State in the spirit of Morny. You will only find Maires of the XIII Arrondissement to carry out your orders.

He desired a stable world in which you could think and develope the New Form. And because at no phase of the world's history has there seemed to be a portion of the world more stable than was England under the ruling classes of Lord Palmerston's time he desired to be of the type of a member of the ruling classes of England in Lord Palmerston's day. He lived as such, and as such he died. We are so far from those days : it seems hardly likely that anyone's withers will be wrung if we say that he might have had a meaner ideal.

We come thus to Captain Marryatt. It would be too much to say that Marryatt had any influence at all on Conrad as writer—though Conrad was of opinion that Marryatt had profoundly influenced his writing—but the effect of Marryatt on Conrad as philosopher *tel quel*, and as English Gentleman could not be too much stated. Indeed, in the course of our last meeting, the writer reminded Conrad that almost the first literary opinion Conrad ever uttered at the Pent was in eulogy of Marryatt. Conrad replied that he remained exactly of that opinion : Marryatt was, after Shakespeare the greatest novelist as delineator of character, that England has produced. The opinion must be limited to what it covers, and that strictly. Conrad was not saying that Marryatt was, say, nearly as great poet as Shakespeare ; he was saying that Marryatt observed English character with exactitude and rendered it without exaggeration, all other English novelists getting their effects, by more or less of caricature.

The books of the author of *Midshipman Easy* are so relegated to oblivion, being considered as boy's books that this pronouncement may appear strange. It may however be recommended to the Reader's serious attention as the measured opinion of no mean critic. What we are about at the moment is considering the effect of Marryatt upon the character and psychology of Conrad.

That influence at least was profound. He looked at the world of human affairs with the eyes of Jack Easy and affronted difficulties with the coolness of Percival Keene. At that statement the reader should not smile. The tradition of the frigate service of Dundonald and the rest was no mean one: its influence on the British character was far-reaching, was all-important. And the achievement and tradition of England during the last century cannot be ignored by those who can be interested in the achievements and traditions of mankind.

The writer has said too much in other places of the influence of Marryatt on the writer himself and on Conrad to go picturesquely once more over the matter. But there are those who have read neither Marryatt nor the writer. Marryatt concerned himself mainly then with the frigate warfare of Napoleonic times. And the frigate warfare of Napoleonic times was compared with the Line of Battle warfare for which stand the names of Nelson and his great captains as something obscure, anonymous, desperate and very gallant. For thousands who shall know the names of Nelson, Howe, or St. Vincent there will be hardly one that has heard tell of Cochrane. Yet this little service was incessant, pursued under desperate conditions of weather and inshore work, the frigates being only upon occasion the mere eyes of the fleet, the great fleets with the great first raters rolling majestically from ocean to ocean, half the world over and then back again to fight now and then a Trafalgar or an Aboukir. But the frigates were at it every day in the Mediterranean.

Such a service, without comfort, without advertisement, almost without the glory of the King's uniform, for its officers dressed like sweeps, remained midshipmen to the age of forty and were betallowed to the elbow was the meaning of England to Conrad, as to the writer during his younger years. One saw the self-sacrifice, the patience, the fidelity. And, if Conrad in later years wrote of fidelity as the key-word of his "message" it was of this fidelity that he was thinking. Of fidelity not to a realm from which they were for so long absent, and not to a royal countenance which never shone upon them, but of fidelity to an idea, to a service.

The idea was this: In the first place came the sea, the sea not as a bitter element, but as an instrument by means of which the frigates battled against inefficiency, strange customs, the

eating of frogs, wooden shoes. Upon the sea were only the English—and the French ; the English as the representatives of that Almighty which holds the sea in the hollow of its hand, the English, blond, hardy, cunning, vigilant, each one six foot and over, jolly, in the exact image of their maker, cordial. The French, the subordinates, representatives of Satan, perpetually driven off the sea to hide behind the moles of Toulon or of Cherbourg, perpetually creeping out as do bed bugs from crevices in walls.... One Englishman was worth one, three, seventeen, twenty-seven Frenchmen..... There was the sea, then, and that its business, its function.

Presumably the frigates did succeed in their work, though if you read French text-books you would hardly think so any more than when reading the Americans you will hear much about the Shannon and the Chesapeake. According to the French it was *l'or de la perfide Albion* that did the trick. In that way Conrad got it both ways, since he liked a nation that had both its sea-service and its gold. Gold also is sterling incorruptible, and has its fidelities. In the meantime, there had grown up another service with a tradition almost identical—that of the British mercantile marine, of ships not too vast to be impermeable to the weather, making by means of the caprices and brutalities of the winds, engrossed and perpetual departures and landfalls round dangerous headlands. Nowadays you will find little enough difference between the coastwise men of any nation but in the seventies and eighties of last century Conrad by dint of experience found in that service, muted but almost more patient and engrossed, the tradition of Marryatt's frigates. It was fidelity to an ideal, the ideal of the British merchant service ; it was still more a tradition working efficiently. For in that service, all going to make up the record of British owned bottoms, even if they sailed under the flag of Siam, all going to contribute to the long story of what is the ship-shape, you had hundreds of Dagoes, Lascars, Swedes, Danes, Finns, Negroes, Americans, Kruboys..... And one Pole.

Conrad then, in his misty youth that seemed to pass in great houses or in the prison-yards of the exiled child, and mostly at night or at nightfall, read with engrossment Marryatt and Fenimore Cooper and so sowed the seeds of his devotion to England. He had his devotion to his art and his devotion to his second country. In the end his devotion to his second country overcame his devotion to his art. The only occasion on which the writer ever questioned the actions of Conrad—and it is the truth that his was the only occasion on which any action of Conrad's known to the writer was ever even questionable!—was when that writer accepted membership of the British Academy. This as a writer he should not have done, nor as an artist. The body was without venerability, committed to courses of propaganda, and of a habit, to be destructive to the

art by which Conrad had made his name, to which he owed fidelity.

Accordingly on a given occasion the writer remonstrated against this questionable action. It was during sad times for the nation, in a gloomy room of the most architecturally lugubrious buildings that are to be found near the Marble Arch in London. Conrad was depressed : there was no one that was then not depressed. The writer, the occasion being one for clearings up of everything that could be cleared up, put the question as to why Conrad had, how Conrad could have, thus denied the gods of his manhood. A knighthood, yes! Any sort of order, yes! A C.B. an O.B.E. ..... It had not been ten years or much more since, when talking of the possibilities of such a foundation, Conrad had said that were he offered its insignia he would wear them on the seat of his trousers—a gibe which we immediately introduced into the *Inheritors*.

The reader should understand that this matter is one which divides for ever—into sheep and goats—the world of the arts. There are some few artists who will accept Academic honours, to the majority of those who are really artists the idea is abhorrent and those who accept such honours betray their brothers. To this majority Conrad had enthusiastically belonged. You had Flaubert who refused, you had Zola who life-long sought, academic distinction. For Conrad, there had used to be no question as to which to follow. Now he had followed Zola.

Conrad answered with mildness. And nothing could have been more unlike Conrad. Both of us being upholders of the duel we had always lived together under a sort of standard of formality. Except upon Belgian railways when Conrad would refuse with fire to shew his ticket to collectors because he was an Englishman and they some sort of Dagoes the writer never remembers to have otherwise remonstrated with the author of *Heart of Darkness*..... But Conrad answered with heavy and depressed mildness... Yes, to have accepted that honour might have the aspect of denying the gods of his youth. That was a thing to be regarded with depression. On the other hand England had offered him hospitality ; he had been granted fame in England and the opportunity to live in Kent where the lines of the fields run quietly one into the other. England was desirous of founding an institution that should, as a part of its functions, do some sort of honour to the trade of authordship. The company in which he found himself, admirable as it was, was not exactly that which could have been expected. But, if it was a question of his private principles as against any honour he could shew the English state, his private principles must go by the board.

It was a point of view.

V.

The most English of the English Conrad was the most South French of the South French. He was born in Beaucaire, beside the Rhone ; read Marryatt in the shadow of the castle of the good king René, Daudet on the Cannebière of Marseilles, Gautier in the tufts of lavender and rosemary of the little forests between Marseilles and Toulon ; he read Maupassant on the French torpedo boats on which he served and Flaubert on the French flagship, *Ville d'Ompteda*. With the Sabran-Penthièvres and other Macmahonists he painted red the port of Marseilles, intrigued for Napoleon III, hired, since there was nothing else to be hired, an unpainted four in hand from a coachbuilder's yard and drove, buried in actresses and the opera chorus, to the races. So he made the French navy too hot to hold him. That however is also the spirit of the traditional British navy. The writer is never tired of reciting the terms of the offence for which his great uncle, Tristram Madox was cashiered : in that, whilst drunk he swam ashore from the flagship without leave and riotously assaulted Mr. Peter Parker of Valetta, tobacconist. The one offence is more French, the other more English.....

As above, however, Conrad again and again recounted his Marseilles exploit. No doubt with the fall of MacMahon and the disappearance of any hope for the Buonapartists the chance of a career for Conrad in the French navy so diminished as to leave that service with few attractions. Conrad's influence and attaches in France were all Third Empire. He would relate the instance of the unvarnished coach with great energy and fire and then, dropping his hands with mock senility, exclaim : "Alas, *tel que vous me voyez*... Now I am an extinct volcano....."

It was not however that. It was merely that diminished circumstances had reduced, the team of four to the old mare or some remplacant. We would drive down to Hythe or hire a motor that broke down eight times in eighteen miles and go between the shallow downs up the Elham valley—at the top of which he died—to Canterbury. And at once Conrad was the sailor ashore. He *had* to find a bar and have a drink, the writer with the prudishness of the Englishman in his own country, waiting outside. For you must not have a drink in the bar of your own country town. A lunch at the farmer's ordinary with five pints of beer ; tea in the smoking room with whiskies brought in on the tray. But in the bar, never! The point is a fine one. But Conrad, though at home he was the English country gentleman and other things permitting would have bred shorthorns and worn leggings, threw, in his Jack-ashore frame of mind, these considerations to the wind. A drink in the bar is provided for in King's Regulations. You might not be thirsty : it had to be.

Conrad's biography as narrated in those days to, or in presence of the writer, might as well here come in..... We have arrived, at any rate in the writer's mind, at about the time when we dropped, ostensibly for good, any hope of bringing *Romance* to a finish and took to collaborating on the *Inheritors*. By that date the writer had heard enough of Conrad's autobiography, sufficiently repeated, to have a rounded image of his past—such an image at any rate as Conrad desired to convey. For, like every inspired raconteur Conrad modified his stories subtly so as to get in sympathy with his listener. He did it not so much with modifications of fact as with gestures of the hand, droppings of the voice, droppings of the eyelid and letting fall his monocle—and of course with some modifications of the facts. So the tory afterwards used in a *Smile of Fortune* old to the writer alone was one thing and told to his sprightly, very intelligent aunt, Mme. Paradowski, was something quite different. It would be hinner, less underlined, more of a business-like subject for treatment if told to the writer alone: when told to the French lady—who was also a novelist—it would be much livelier, much more punctuated with gestures and laughs—much more *pimenté*: in fact the story of a sailor's *bonne fortune*

It was the only story of a bonne fortune that the writer ever heard told by Conrad. And the note may as well here be made that in all our extreme intimacy, lasting for many years, neither of us ever told what is called a smoking room story. We never even discussed the relations of the sexes.

So, at the turn of the century—for the *Inheritors* must have been published about 1901 and, having been written rather fast, must have been begun in 1900—the history of Conrad appeared much as follows to the writer. He was born—not of course physically in Beaucaire—but in that part of Poland which lay within the government of Kiev—in Ukrainia, in the Black Lands where the soil is very fertile. He was born towards 1858. At any rate he was old enough to remember the effects of the Polish Revolution of the early sixties—say 1862. The oldest—the first—memory of his life was of being in a prison yard on the road to the Russian exile station of the Wologda. "The Kossacks of the escort", these are Conrad's exact words repeated over and over again, "were riding slowly up and down under the snowflakes that fell on women in furs and women in rags. The Russians had put the men into barracks the windows of which were tallowed. They fed them on red herrings and gave them no water to drink. My father was among them".

(The implication is of course that Conrad's father died of thirst behind those windows that were tallowed so that the men should not look out and see their womenfolk. Actually of course Conrad's father did not die in these circumstances, but it was

not until quite lately that the writer was aware of his misapprehension..... This however is the exact history of a relationship.)

Conrad remained with his mother in exile until he was nine or ten, then, his mother being threatened with an immediate death from tuberculosis they were allowed to return to Poland. Conrad's mother was a woman of great beauty of physique and of character. Her face was oval, her black hair braided round it, her eyes intent, her manner quiet but spirited. His father was less effectual, the prime mover of an abortive revolution, a fact which Conrad deprecated. His father was not so dark as his mother; untidy bearded, with high cheekbones, he was the proprietor, not professionally but as a revolutionist, of a famous newspaper in which he wrote a great deal. He was constantly writing: his style was not very distinguished.

Of his father Conrad spoke always deprecatorily. This was partly politeness. Whoever you, his interlocutor, were all that pertained to you—your father and all your ancestors—must be superior to his. It was his poor little books, his poor little brains, his poor little exploits set against all your splendours. Partly too it really pained him to think that his father had been a revolutionary—and an unsuccessful revolutionary at that—as if he had been pre-natally connected with something not ship-shape. For his mother he had on the other hand that passionate adoration that is felt by the inhabitants of Latin and Western Slav countries for their mothers and that seems so "foreign" to the Anglo-Saxon. Oddly but comprehensibly when he spoke of his mother as revolutionary he was full of enthusiasm. For him the Polish national spirit had been kept alive by such women as his mother: the men were hopeless. Again not ship-shape. This was not difficult to understand. The men were prohibited from living a life of their own. The only career that the Russians allowed them to study for was that of the law. So they were all either lawyers or babblers—or both, and without any practical training. This for generations and generations.....

As for class—the Kurzeniowskis were country gentlemen, for all the world like an English County Family, with land lived on and owned since the darkest ages, untitled, but aristocrats to the backbone; what is called in England "Good people", a term which is untranslatable into any other language and incomprehensible even to Americans. This made Conrad feel at home in Kent: many times he said so. The feudal spirit there survived in the territories of the great landowners.

Conrad had an uncle—Paradowski—who was a great Pan, guardian to the children of half of the noble families of that Government. He had a longish, as if squared face, a long

nose, meditative hands that were always pausing in some action and long brownish hair that fell rather Germanly onto the collar of a velvet coat. It was to his great country house that the emissary of Palmerston had come. (The writer's friend Count Potocki tells the writer that the name of this uncle must have been *Bibrowski* The name Paradowski remains however very firmly in the writer's mind. Conrad was inordinately proud and fond of this uncle and fully four fifths of his conversation when it referred to his Polish days concerned itself with this relative : there were for instance the Paradowski dragoons, a famous Russian regiment named after him or his ancestors. It does not seem to matter much.)

This uncle stood well with the Russians. Before that abortive revolution he had been a close friend of one of the Grand Dukes and had had a part in drafting the constitution that the Czar had proposed to grant to Poland. In the revolution he had taken no part, not because he was indifferent to the interests of Poland but because he knew it must prove abortive and cause much suffering and persecution to the Russian Poles. Besides, it brought about the rescinding of the constitution. After the revolution he busied himself with alleviating the sufferings of his compatriots; he fed legions of the starving dispossessed; he secured the return of their patrimonies to the children of the exiled. Amongst these last was Conrad : his uncle secured the return to him of half the great confiscated estate of his father and got him permission to reside in Russian Poland, in his own great house. (The emissary of Palmerston had by the bye been sent away with a flea in his ear.)

Here for years and years Conrad read Marryatt—and Fenimore Cooper. And it was one of the little ingenuous pleasures of Conrad to remember that in Paris after Waterloo, as recorded in the Memoirs, more crowds followed Sir Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper on the boulevards than ever followed the King of Prussia. It pleased him to find one of his early heroes thus blessed by Fame of the bronze lungs. To this information the writer added the other that in that same Paris of that same date Assheton Smith the Milor of incredible wealth and *spleen*, was, according to the journals, followed about by crowds even greater than attached themselves to the Czar of Russia. Out of a sort of tacit politeness we never tried to decide whether the King of Prussia or the Czar of Russia had the larger following. But Assheton Smith was to have been the central figure of our novel about the execution of Ney—the Milor with the spleen intervening nearly successfully to save the beau sabreur. This, not because he felt any sympathy for Ney but because Wellington and all the fighting fellows were beginning to think themselves of much too much importance, though merely younger sons. However he made too much progress in the affections of the Czar's Egeria and Ney was shot by the Czar's orders, just

opposite the Closerie des Lilas on a spot occupied now by a station of the Sceaux railway..... to spite Assheton Smith.

The writer never understood why it was always night in Poland : so however it remains for him : a long white house, in the dark, with silver beeches in an avenue or, ghostly, in groups, Indoors was Conrad, right through adolescence, for ever reading in the candlelight of an immense, stately library, with busts on white plinths and alternate groups of statuary in bronze. His uncle would be in a rather subterranean study at the other end of the vast house, writing his memoirs. When these two ever met the writer never knew : of meals of even of bed he heard nothing : it was a perpetual reading. As for the uncle's memoirs..... Years after, not so long ago, the writer found Conrad in a state of extreme perturbation. He said "My dear faller, you must go with me to Boulogne! You'll have to fight the second, of course. It's always done in Polish duelling!" It is part of what gives vagueness to this narrative that Conrad always credited the writer with an almost supernatural prescience as to his, Conrad's most remote or most immediate past. He would say : "You remember when I was on the *Flower of Surabaya*, old Corvin, the supercargo had that shaving set that I lost on the *Duke of Sutherland*....." naming two ships and a supercargo of whom the writer had never yet heard..... So on this occasion the writer naturally agreed to go to Boulogne and pictured an immense, black moustached opponent in a busby, a frogged dolman, top boots and a cavalry sabre whose bare blade he caressed with his left hand... And it was not for several days during which we made preparations for the journey that the reason for our journey itself was made clear to the writer. Conrad was too distressed to talk about it.

It appeared that the uncle Paradowski, almost vice-roy of Russian Poland and guardian to half the sons and daughters of the Polish nobility of his province, had had unheard of opportunities of learning all the matrimonial and family scandals of his neighbours. All these he had set down in his journal—and this journal had just been published. It had caused the wildest consternation in Poland and as Conrad was the legal heir of M. Paradowski the responsibility for the publication was considered to be his. The sons of one of the most horribly aspersed couples had therefore challenged Conrad and was coming to Boulogne. That poor fellow shot himself in despair over the revelations, in the railway carriage, on the journey. So we never fought.....

Conrad emerges then from the glamourous shadows of Poland, making the Grand Tour with a lively tutor. For the first. time, in Venice, from a window, he saw in the Giudecca a ship. A British schooner.

(*to be continued.*)